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Events of the Week.

IN the Near Eastern storm nothing is clear except the military position in Asia Minor. The Greek collapse is complete, Smyrna was occupied by the Turkish army last Saturday, and Asia Minor is now being evacuated. In the Brusa section the Greek Third Army Corps appears to have made a successful, but fruitless, stand against Turkish attacks; it is now, significantly, being withdrawn *via* Rodosto to reinforce the Greek army in Thrace. No negotiations for an armistice have begun yet between Turkey and Greece. At Athens, after M. Calogeropoulos had failed to form a Government, M. Triantafyllakos was summoned by the King and succeeded, M. Calogeropoulos taking the post of Foreign Minister. The new Government is said to take the view that, since Asia Minor has been evacuated, an armistice with the Turks is unnecessary. At the same time, there is considerable nervousness with regard to the possibility that Turkey will not remain content with her victory in Asia Minor, and will attempt to continue the operations by an attack on Thrace. This, in fact, together with the question of Constantinople, is now the crux of the situation, which no longer turns upon the relations between the Greeks and Turks, but upon those between Angora and the Allies.

HERE the situation is both confused and obscure. The only indication of the attitude of the Allies has been given by the notification of the Allied Commissioners at Constantinople to the Angora Government that the Allies would not allow any violation of the neutral zone by the Turkish army. As the neutral zone includes the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, this is tantamount to a declaration that it is the policy of the Allies—i.e., of France as well as of Britain—to maintain the *status quo* in Constantinople and Thrace. There, of course, is the rub. The British attitude appears to be to stand by the proposed terms of a general settlement between the Allies and Angora which were agreed upon before the Turkish victory, and to insist upon the maintenance of the freedom of the Straits and of Eastern Thrace remaining in the possession of Greece. It is necessarily the policy of Britain, therefore, to keep the question of this general settlement separate from that of the Turkish-Greek hostilities. M. de Montille, the French Chargé d'Affaires, has informed our Foreign Office that France is in agreement with Great Britain in

upholding the freedom of the Straits, and is prepared to discuss suggestions for a settlement, provided that the legitimate susceptibilities of the Turks be safeguarded. The tone of the French Press would seem to imply that France will support the Turkish claim to the unconditional restoration of at least Eastern Thrace. On the other hand, there has certainly been a modification of this tone during the last day or two, and one or two voices have been raised against yielding to the Turkish claim.

A NEW and somewhat unexpected Reparation crisis has occurred. After four days' negotiations between the Belgians and Germans in Berlin the attempt failed to obtain agreement as to the guarantees to be established for the Treasury bonds in which Germany is to pay Belgium the Reparation instalments due this year. These crises are real enough, but the things about which they occur are so unreal, and such hallucinations, that it is difficult to take them seriously. Every one really knows that the Treasury bonds were a cloak or compromise for giving Germany a moratorium, and no one seriously believes that Germany will be any more able to pay six months hence than she was two weeks ago. Yet a "guarantee" had to be found for the bonds, and this is not an easy task, because naturally no sane man likes to become surety for a debt which he knows that the debtor will not be able to pay. Various schemes seem to have been propounded and discussed, from the deposit of some of the Reichsbank gold as security to "British backing," but they all broke down over the main difficulty of getting a "real" guarantee which would at the same time be fictitious.

THE final stage in the negotiations, and the final proposals of the Germans which Belgium rejected, show that this is the factor which dominates the whole situation. The German Government went to their bankers and industrialists for a guarantee of part of the Treasury bonds. The bankers, and in particular the Deutsche Bank, would not give a guarantee at all, unless in effect the bonds guaranteed by them were extended from six to eighteen months. This was refused by Belgium, and, although her action has been sharply criticized in Germany, it is difficult to see how, in the circumstances, she could have accepted it. The compromise of the six months' Treasury bonds was a Belgian compromise, and was accepted by the Reparation Commission because it only affected instalments which, if paid, would go to Belgium. To extend the bonds and moratorium to eighteen months would undoubtedly affect instalments to which France would have a claim. The German proposal, in fact, made the guarantee, so far as six months' bonds were concerned, sufficiently fictitious, but the consequence was that the guarantee at the same time became, for France, too obviously not "real." The whole question now has to go back to the Reparation Commission, which was to meet on Friday. If the rumors can be believed, there is a disposition to return to the dangerous expedient of requiring a deposit or pledge of the gold reserves, which would almost certainly entail another downward plunge of the mark.

It has been interesting to follow the reception given in Germany and France to the agreement regarding "reparation in kind" arrived at between M. de Lubersac

and Herr Stinnes. In France, where Herr Stinnes has always been represented as the most sinister of German bogey-men, the agreement has had, on the whole, a very good Press; in Germany, where he also, in many circles, plays the part of "der schwarze Mann," comment, except in the Stinnes Press, has varied between the open hostility of the Socialist and the reserved coldness of most other papers. Most of the criticism has centred in the second clause of the agreement which allows the German company to take, for "general expenses and profits," a maximum of 6 per cent. on the price in Germany of materials supplied. The Socialists allege that this clause will allow Herr Stinnes and his friends to make a colossal sum in profits out of the transactions. The importance of the agreement consists, as "Le Temps" has pointed out, in the position of the principals who signed it. In itself it is only a particular agreement arrived at under the system for reparation in kind established by the Wiesbaden and Berlin Conventions. But Herr Stinnes represents the most powerful industrial interests in Germany, and M. de Lubersac is President of the Confederation of Co-operatives for Reconstruction in the devastated areas. This Confederation includes 1,600 co-operative associations, with a membership of 130,000 owners of immovable property, whose claims for reparation are estimated to amount to 13 milliards of francs. The agreement, therefore, contemplates, and may in the near future involve, transactions by which materials will be supplied by Germany to France valued at several milliards.

ONE of the most important, if not the most important, of the questions which the League of Nations has to consider at Geneva is that of help for Austria, which was referred to it by the London Conference. The Council has appointed a committee to prepare proposals for a programme of salvage. Whether this wreck can be salvaged by the League, in circumstances which apparently the statesmen of Europe consider hopeless, is more than doubtful. It is, perhaps, significant that the salvage committee consists of representatives of only those States which have already made important advances or loans to Austria. There has been some adverse comment at Geneva on the fact that Switzerland, although a State whose territory adjoins Austria, was not given representation on the Committee; M. Motta's speech to the Assembly, in which he announced that Switzerland would help Austria, was not unconnected with this criticism. The Committee is not expected to have its programme ready until the end of this week. Meanwhile, Austria has asked that she shall be allowed, pending a decision, to increase the numbers of her gendarmerie, and also that the negotiations between the financial groups with regard to a loan may continue. The first request has been referred to the lawyers to see whether it conflicts with the Treaty of Saint-Germain. The second request appears not to have found favor in the eyes of the League statesmen.

MR. LESLIE URQUHART, on behalf of the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated Company, and M. Krassin, on behalf of the Soviet Government, have signed an agreement which makes mincemeat of the arguments of the Allied statesmen and others that it is impossible to come to any kind of business agreement for opening up trade with the present Russian Government. Mr. Urquhart is a long-headed business man; he has stated his confidence that "the agreement affords a real basis for work." The agreement gives to the company a ninety-nine years' lease of the leasehold and freehold property which it previously held in Russia, and which was

nationalized by the Soviet Government. The question of "compensation," which was converted into a stumbling-block by the non-Russian Governments at The Hague Conference, was settled without any very great difficulty. M. Krassin did not like the word "compensation," but he was willing to agree to pay a sum of money "to facilitate the resumption of work." The business man, unlike the politician, is more interested in things than in their names, and Mr. Urquhart appears to have been quite content to receive a sum of about two million pounds on account of losses sustained by the company since 1917, even if the Soviet Government does not call it compensation.

A SITUATION no less grave than grotesque has developed in the Punjab in connection with the struggle for the Sikh shrine at Gurka Bagh, near Amritsar. There is at bottom a question of property and ecclesiastical authority, complicated by the anomalous position of the Mahant in control of the shrine, and the extraordinary zeal of the Akali bands, who, having vowed to obtain possession of the Bagh, have returned to the attack time and again, only to be dispersed by the police with a daily tale of casualties. It is stated that the Government has now abandoned the method of violent dispersal, and is relying upon a strict police cordon and the continuous arrest of ringleaders. The Sikh population is described as being intensely excited and resentful. The special correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," whose dispatches for some months past have contained a more valuable direct record of the Indian movement than has appeared in the English Press for many years, reveals a condition of the Sikh mind that is plainly of the most serious import. At the same time comes news of the celebration of the Turkish victories by the Indian Mohammedans, who have no more use than the Sikhs for Mr. Gandhi's tenet of non-violence. Resolutions of qualified censure upon the Prime Minister for his August speech have been debated in both the Indian Chambers. In the Council of State the motion was dropped. In the Legislative Assembly it was passed by 48 to 34, as an expression of "grave concern" over the purport of the speech.

THE Dáil met last Saturday. There had been a good deal of anxious speculation about the intentions of Mr. de Valera and his party, and it was feared that there might be a serious disturbance. But only one opponent of the Treaty turned up. This was Mr. Ginnell, who was soon playing in an Irish Parliament the part he had so often played at Westminster. After his removal the proceedings were quite orderly. The Dáil elected as the Speaker Professor Hayes, and then proceeded to elect Mr. Cosgrave President, and to approve his nominations to the several Departments. One only of his appointments was challenged. General Mulcahy is to be Commander-in-Chief and also Minister of Defence. This combination of the two positions was criticized warmly by Mr. Darrell Figgis, the Chairman of the Committee that drafted the Constitution, and by Mr. Johnson on behalf of the Labor Party. There were no surprises in the other appointments. Professor John MacNeill is Minister of Education, and Mr. Gavan Duffy's place as Minister of Foreign Affairs has been taken by Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald. The Ministry of Publicity lapses with the censorship—a good augury.

THE proceedings of the first day made it clear that the Labor Party will be the Opposition in the new Parliament, with a certain amount of support from

independent members. Mr. Johnson made a very favorable impression by his speech. It was in the main a demand for a constructive social policy and for constitutional practice. He laid stress on the effect of unemployment in feeding the rebellion; urged that the anarchy should be combated by economic measures, and not merely by military measures; and he asked for a declaration of the Government's intentions towards the Irregulars. Mr. Cathal O'Shannon, a more tempestuous Labor leader, spoke more vehemently on the same lines. As Mr. Cosgrave could not satisfy their demands, the Labor Party voted against his election. The proceedings of Saturday and the following days were peaceful in character. They show that the members of the Dáil are anxious for the restoration of normal life, but that some of the most important elements are very much on the watch for any attempt to exploit the military situation in the interests of arbitrary government.

* * *

A VERY complicated political situation has been rendered still more difficult and anxious by a postal strike. When last March certain automatic reductions came into force in the British postal service, the Irish Postal Union determined to resist such reductions if the Irish Government tried to make them. The question was referred to a Commission, and its immediate proposals were favorable to the men in raising the basic figures. The present reduction is made on the ground of the fall in the cost of living. The Government offered to spread the reduction over three months, and the Postal Union offered to submit the question to arbitration. The strike is complete. It has raised another issue between the Government and the Labor Party, for the Government forbade picketing on the ground that Government servants have no right to strike. This doctrine was challenged by the Labor Party in the Dáil on Monday, but the Government were upheld by a majority of 51 to 24. A number of pickets were arrested, but they were afterwards released.

* * *

ON Monday and Tuesday Mr. Cosgrave and General Mulcahy supplemented the brief statements of policy that had been made on Saturday. Mr. Cosgrave announced his intention to carry out the Treaty; spoke of the great dishonor repudiation would mean to Ireland; and pointed out that whereas no Government could tolerate armed resistance, constitutional opposition to the Treaty on the part of the minority was, of course, perfectly legitimate. General Mulcahy told the Dáil that before the attack on the Four Courts, the Government were warned by Rory O'Connor that he meant to attack British soldiers in order to bring back the British Army. Mr. de Valera has broken his long silence by a newspaper interview. He argued that peace was not possible without a revision of the Treaty, and complained that the war was doing everybody harm. This amazing person speaks as if he had no responsibility for the crimes of his followers, though he has never said a word to discourage them. He complained, too, that the Dáil, in its long wrangles last year, spent too much time on personal questions. This from the politician who accused Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins of personal treachery! There has been some excitement in Ulster over the rumor that the Royal Assent was to be refused to the Bill that passed the Northern Government for abolishing Proportional Representation in local government elections. The Northern Government has so little regard for appearances that it would rescind at the first opportunity the right conferred on minorities by the British Parliament.

AN alleged interview with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, containing ferocious things about the United States and the war, and contributed by Mrs. Clare Sheridan to the New York "World," has aroused more than the usual tempest in America. Mr. Kipling is reported as excommunicating the United States for coming in over two and a half years late, forcing peace instead of finishing the war in Berlin, quitting at the Armistice, and keeping all the word's gold, while "we have saved our souls." Instead of pausing to remember that all this was merely Mrs. Sheridan upon (as M. Clemenceau put it) "a great writer cruelly stricken by the war," the American Press went all out against Mr. Kipling, and the Secretary of War, Mr. J. W. Weekes, actually issued a formal statement in reply. Mr. Kipling says simply that he did not give Mrs. Sheridan an interview, and did not say the things ascribed to him. The point, we imagine, is that Mrs. Sheridan, whose ways are self-revealed in her Russian and American diaries, and are understood by most prominent Americans, is no more hampered in the case of Mr. Kipling than in that of any other celebrity.

* * *

DR. J. A. HARKER, in his address to the British Association, comes to the assistance of the "Daily Mail" and "Evening News" in their "Menace-of-the-Air" stunt. For he informs his audience that Germany has not merely recovered her pre-war yearly output of fixed nitrogen, 200,000 tons, but will have raised it this year to something like 500,000 tons. This, in default of export, can be applied to increased explosives on the one hand, and self-sufficiency in food supplies upon the other—both factors of prime importance for another war. This, of course, is no new scare. An authoritative French writer, Major Lefebure, exposed the "menace" a couple of years ago, and insisted that restrictions should be placed on the chemical monopoly of Germany. But how this could be done effectively is anything but clear, the value of explosives depending upon intensity, not quantity alone. Nor will the squadrons of defensive aircraft urged by supporters of this new service be very helpful. No quantity of British aircraft would prevent the Germans, or the French, from destroying London with the new products of science. This force is good only for retaliation, not for defence. There is only one way of dealing with the menace—that is to make peace.

* * *

THE latest official returns mark some definite improvement in our foreign trade. Last month showed an increase in export values to the amount of £8½ millions as compared with August last year, and a decline of import values amounting to £2½ millions. The eight months of the year show a so-called "adverse balance" of 108 millions, compared with 208½ millions for last year, and 292 millions for 1920. This "adverse balance" will without doubt be converted into a "favorable" one, when interest on foreign investments, shipping, and banking and other services are taken into due account. The character of this foreign trade supports the hopeful view. Food values, and, in many instances, food quantities, imported, show a considerable reduction, while raw materials and manufactured goods show an increase. There is clear evidence, both from the import and the export side, of a revival in our textile industries, for we are taking in considerably larger supplies of cotton, wool, jute, hemp, &c., and sending out larger quantities of semi- and fully manufactured goods. Cotton manufactures show the largest export rise, though iron and steel also make a considerable advance, against which, however, may be set a substantial drop in vehicles—i.e., ships.

Politics and Affairs.

NEMESIS AND VERSAILLES.

THE new Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, having got a pretty clear glimpse of the bottom of the pit into which the Allies have pushed his country, appealed for help to the authors of his country's misfortunes. The Allies referred the matter to the League of Nations, which is preserved and used by them as the dust-bin for derelict nations and insoluble problems. The League Council did the only thing which anyone can do with a derelict nation or insoluble problem—it referred it to a committee and the committee again did the only thing possible when such a reference is made—it called on the experts to report. There, as we write, the matter rests in Geneva. In a few days or hours the experts will report to the committee, and the committee, at the end of this week or the beginning of next, will report to the League Council, and the League Council, perhaps at the end of next week, will inform the world what plan it has for saving Austria. And if the plan is ever made, and the programme ever approved and put into operation, Dr. Seipel will, we believe, still be helplessly watching his country fall rapidly, together with the krone, mark, rouble, and European civilization, to the bottom of the pit.

The League cannot possibly solve the Austrian problem or save Austria from ruin, because the Allied statesmen will not allow it to take the only steps which would make solution and salvation possible, namely, to undo the work of the Allied statesmen in the peace treaties. The League's hands are tied behind its back by Mr. Lloyd George and M. Poincaré; it is muzzled and blinkered by them; it is then asked to unravel a knot which Mr. George and M. Poincaré have themselves, with most clever carefulness, made inextricable. Dr. Seipel may return from Geneva to Vienna with a few Czechoslovak crowns, some pounds sterling, a handful of francs and lire in his pocket; the value of the krone may rise for a week or two, as it did at the time of the previous loans and advances; but, after a short interval, the decay and dissolution of Austria, economic, political, and social, will set in again, and the Council, the committee, and the experts will once more have to be summoned. The fact is that Austria, and the other countries of Europe in their various degrees, are suffering from a disease which no operations of high finance, however generous or skilful, can cure. The collapse of the krone and mark, the economic agues and fevers which are sapping the life of Europe, are not causes but symptoms, and only temporary and delusive relief can be given by treating these symptoms. The cause of the disease is in the peace treaties, and there can be no permanent or radical improvement until the Allied statesmen admit and recognize this fact.

Statesmen seem to be the only human beings who are given a general licence to ignore facts. They are allowed to build brick walls and then spend years in trying to walk through them; they are encouraged to spend centuries in demonstrating on the bodies of their subjects or supporters that fire does not burn. The Austrian question is only a particular example of this curious phenomenon. At the end of the war the break-up of the Austrian-Hungarian Empire was inevitable and, in some form, desirable. The principles of nationality and freedom and of Mr. Wilson's "Points" implied that there must be some kind of a sorting out of the Slavs, Magyars, Germans, Roumanians, in Central Europe. The

Allied statesmen, flushed with victory, then took the one course with regard to this sorting-out process which made it incompatible with peace, justice, and prosperity. They ignored seven-eighths of the facts which make history. They ignored absolutely every economic factor, and they recognized the principles and feelings of nationality as applicable to and existing in only those nations or peoples who had fought upon the side of the Entente in the war. The most startling result of their labors was the birth of an abortion which they called the independent Republic of Austria. The Republic of Austria is compelled by the peace treaties, which are the public law of Europe, to remain independent, although its independence is incompatible with any kind of economic life. In other words, the Republic of Austria can only exist in its present form on condition that its population dies or emigrates, and the grass grows in the streets of Vienna. Further, in order to make it quite certain that the rights of nationality and freedom and Mr. Wilson's principles should not apply to the people of Austria, the Allies inserted a special clause in the treaties forbidding the people of Austria to take the only step which they wanted to take, and which might have made the new State economically possible, namely, to join Germany.

The subsequent history of this question up to the present moment, when it now lies upon the League Council's table at Geneva, is only a working out of the law that even statesmen cannot abolish facts by ignoring them. The chickens of the Allies, hatched in the peace treaties and now tended by the gentle Nemesis, are slowly coming home to roost. As regards Austria, the first flutter of the wings of these ominous fowls could be heard when Dr. Seipel took his journey to Prague, Berlin, and Rome. The position is a simple one. Even the Austrians and Austria will not die without a struggle. Despite the Treaty of Saint-Germain and the antics of Allied statesmanship, there the hard fact remains, confronting the Austrian Chancellor, that Austria cannot continue to exist as an independent State. Refusing to die without a struggle, Dr. Seipel has already begun to consider the possible alternatives to independence and extinction. The alternatives are three: Austria might continue to exist in some kind of combination or union with Germany, with Italy, or with the Little Entente. There was a meaning or threat in the Chancellor's travels which was well understood in Paris, Prague, and Rome. He was politely telling us that Austria would not die silently without a struggle, and that, if the League, the committee, and the experts did not save her, she would take what he called, diplomatically, "another way," she would adopt one of the three alternatives to extinction, she would join the Little Entente, or Germany, or Italy.

Dr. Seipel is, in effect, asking the statesmen to face the facts. Their reaction to this distressing and startling request is characteristic. The question is referred to the League, which has no means of giving even temporary assistance to Austria, and is bound rigorously to maintain that very Treaty of Saint-Germain which is the cause of Austria's present plight. There, as we said, the matter rests for the moment at Geneva; but there are one or two points which are worth noting. In the end, unfortunately, it is the facts and not the statesmen who win. Nemesis in Central Europe is already hard at work. The beginning of the trouble was the refusal to allow the Germans of Austria and the Germans of Germany to unite. In order to achieve this end the Allies had to create a State which was an economic impossibility, to reconstruct Europe on the principle that black was white, to violate their own professions, and to

label all this a "just and lasting peace." And in the end the last stage is worse for the Allies themselves than the first. No one can read the French, Italian, and Little Entente Press at the present moment without seeing what bitterness and hostility between the Allies is being caused by the Austrian question. A writer in a comparatively moderate French paper, "L'Europe Nouvelle," shows clearly to what a dangerous pass matters have come. His view is that the British Prime Minister deliberately contrived that aid should not be given to Austria at the London Conference, in order that she might be pushed to take what he calls "extreme measures." His "extreme measures" are the three alternatives which we have mentioned above. Any of these three alternatives would be a blow at France. If Austria joined Germany it would be a tremendous blow to French policy, prestige, and interests. If she joined Italy it would be a blow at the Little Entente, and would embroil France and Italy, thus isolating France and chaining Italy more securely to Britain. The same thing would happen if Austria joined the Little Entente, for that would enrage Italy.

Whether this is or is not an accurate reading of Mr. George's policy, the moral is obvious. In order to meet an imaginary danger, the union of Austria and Germany, the statesmen create an intolerable and impossible position in Central Europe. But the facts which have been ignored assert themselves and force the unfortunate peoples to snatch at any fantastic scheme or combination which may save them from their hopeless situation. Naturally, the Allies themselves become distracted and embroiled, and in the end they have to fear greater dangers from one another than the original danger which they imagined would threaten them from the union of Austrians and Germans.

THE HUMORS OF WAR.

"Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?"

THAT knocking on the door of Macbeth's castle, at such a time the very note of doom, has made most of us feel that it was caused by no human hand. One might think that some such uncanny summons is causing the commotion—naturally, just before a General Election—among those who did so much to win the war; and yet if they won it, if they are so sure no doubt clouds their past, why this increasing uproar among the great, with the accusatory fingers pointing in all directions at so many eminent soldiers and politicians?

Whether we call to mind Mr. Bottomley and his fellow purists who kept our hearts pious and our minds firm, or the elect civilians enchanted by their new powers for restricting liberty, or such as the noble lord who, intent on saving his country, resolved to convert the British Museum into yet another treasury of typewriters and tea-tables, or the generals who planned the battles, or the politicians who won them, it is clear enough to-day that their minds are troubled. Their old confidence, which had the certainty of plenary inspiration, has become shaky. At one time their simple intuitions, which were untroubled by distracting reason, and which only a pro-German would have dared to question, sufficed them. Reason they discarded; and now their intuitions fail them. What is left to them? For to the eyes of all men, and especially to the men who survived

the battles, the war was never what it was represented to be: not in its character, for too many secret diplomatic documents have since been shown in daylight by derisive revolutionaries; not in its course, for certainly some so-called great victories were signal disasters that came of downright stupidity; and not in its final issue, which reversed every ideal which sent the volunteers to the recruiting offices and strengthened the resolution of the people they left at home.

The evidence against the great and the inspired accumulates. There is a knocking on the door of the keep. Sir Frederick Maurice's revelations* have been followed by Mr. John Buchan's disclosures in the last volume, just published, of his history.† Yet these are only of later date. The questioning began with the destruction of the Fifth Army in March, 1918. For it was clear then, even to the understanding of the insoluble patriot who never questioned his intuitions, that something had gone wrong somewhere. It was the greatest defeat in our history. The first word of it, that "the enemy had broken through near St. Quentin," was the death-sentence in many a home which till that Saturday morning had maintained a bare hope that a son or a husband might return. That message settled it. They would return no more. Well, General Gough was relieved of his command; but he was accepted as a scapegoat only by those of the public who even then had not learned the lesson that in war-time what is clearly intended for everybody's eye is commonly a trick to prevent as many as possible from guessing the hidden truth.

Now Mr. Lovat Fraser, who succeeded to Mr. Bottomley's pulpit in the "Sunday Pictorial," is replying to the many clamoring voices which demand the reason for that disaster and its consequent cemeteries. "The attempt," he said last Sunday, "to depict Mr. Lloyd George as an extremely silly amateur strategist who muddled up our brilliant and incomparable generals is wholly without foundation." So evidently there must be a serious decay of the image set up to represent the Man who Won the War. Lord Rothermere's journal, in its attempt to repair the ravages of time on the heroic effigy which once stood for the Prime Minister, must necessarily do its best to destroy the competitive idols which used to stand for Great Soldiers. The quarrel between the soldiers and the politicians is, as readers of Thucydides and other historians of war know well, one of the horrors which cause catastrophe in war and disturb the peace long after. Meanwhile, the common sort of people, who pay for war and die in it, gape open-mouthed at the august squabbling, the noise of which obscures the fact that a just arraignment would put both parties in the dock.

There is no doubt that life was squandered in France because there were generals who did not know the conditions of the front, and thought the reservoir of British youth was inexhaustible. There were many attacks which were crazy in their ineptitude, and frightful in their cost. We would not go as far as Anatole France, who, in "The Gods are Athirst," describes a muddled general trying to explain his defeat to a tribunal as having "the brains of a sparrow in the skull of an ox." But we do know there were worse things than that said about some of our generals by their troops. And even after the holocaust of Passchendaele is excused generally on the ground that it saved France, whose army had grown mutinous as a consequence of the appalling affair of the

* "Intrigues of the War." By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. (Reprinted from the "Westminster Gazette." 6d.)

† "A History of the War." Vol. IV. By John Buchan. (Nelson, 25s.)

Chemin des Dames, yet that cannot fairly cover every detail of an action which went far to destroy the value of the British Army.

And Vimy, when the door was opened by our troops at a great price—and left open till the enemy closed it again? And the loss of the cavalry at Monchy? And the failure to discern the significance of the German retreat in 1917? If a case were wanted, which historians know it is not, to show that generals rarely know their own business, enough could be got out of the last Great War to convince even the simple that if Force is to be the argument, then it had better be applied by anybody rather than professional soldiers, who are commonly both opinionated and unteachable.

But the generals certainly have a case against the politicians. For our part, we would not arraign even an incompetent general, for we suspect, with the French ironist, that battles are won or lost by chance. The most trivial and inconsequential thing will turn the tide in war against the side most ready and brave, confident in its sense of a righteous cause; for war is only a gamble with destiny, and virtue and courage have no effect on the throw of the dice. And Mr. Buchan explains the case for the generals in the last volume of his history. The Western Front, Mr. George assumed, was "impenetrable." The war could be won in the East; so in the very place where, as the politicians admit, it was known the German blow would fall, a British Army, barely sufficient to man an extended front, had to meet Ludendorff's calculated blow with a force four times as great. The men the generals had clamored for were sent to France after the disaster. The British War Cabinet so arranged it. An intuition about "impenetrability" held by those who did not know the front line nearly got the French Army separated from the British, and put the Channel ports almost within reach of the Kaiser.

A purely academic complaint now, it may be said. Not quite. The admonitory cemeteries remain with us. Their interest is not academic. More, if Force is to remain our argument, then it is vital for us to remember that just such politicians, and just such soldiers, would lead to exactly the same ruin for after recrimination. These men always mistake their ardent assurance for wisdom, and dislike adverse evidence, because it will not accord. Cabinet Ministers who gravely regard the map of a new campaign upside down, newspaper owners who find a delirious joy in being impulsive men of destiny, and generals who mass cavalry in places where the infantry are stopped by barbed wire, and who never know an act is a mistake till costly repetitions show them their army is obviously weaker, will remain permanently true to type. They will utter their throaty rhetoric, and caracole in plumes, till public mirth surprises them into the knowledge that the heroic disguise has slipped sideways, their comic nature is seen, and they are at last known for what they are.

FROM THE TURKISH POINT OF VIEW.

OUR Western statesmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries would probably have had a better eye for the present crisis in the Near East than the statesmen of to-day (at any rate, than those of them who at this moment are responsible for the Eastern policy of the British Empire). Certainly they would have started with the knowledge that the Turks themselves are a factor which cannot be left out of account in handling the Turkish problem. This truism (as it obviously is, when baldly stated) has never ceased to be true at any

time, and disregard of it is one of the reasons why the Eastern Question has never yet been handled by Western statesmanship with success. Still, during the last two centuries there has been some excuse for the error. The Turk has been defeated in war, outclassed in culture, and pushed to the wall, not only by his Western neighbors, but by his Eastern Christian subjects, until we have almost lost the power of thinking of him in anything but a passive rôle. He has been the "Sick Man" to be resuscitated; the dragon to be slain when there was a princess to be rescued; the rich fool to be fleeced; or the bear whose skin was to be divided among the hunters. Suddenly his passivity (which, even at its extreme, was by no means the same thing as non-existence) has changed into something very active indeed, and our statesmen appear to be nonplussed by the metamorphosis.

Certainly, there are few things so difficult as sudden readjustments of outlook; but, on the other hand, there are few qualities so essential as this for competent statecraft, and the semi-official hints of policy which His Majesty's Government have been vouchsafing during the Greek retreat are far from promising. They appear to have been writing to M. Poincaré that any armistice convention between Turkey and Greece must be purely local in its scope, that no political issues respecting European territories must be raised, and that Thrace "cannot be suffered to become an object of bargaining." This language, if correctly reported, shows a strange misapprehension concerning the extent of our power to intervene in what is happening. It is an axiom of prudent and dignified diplomacy that one's words should only be a very little bigger than one's power to give effect to them. Yet the Allied Governments abdicated their power to settle the Near East more than three years ago, when they sent the Greek Army to Smyrna. From May, 1919, onwards, the fate of this part of the world has been depending, not on the disagreements between Allied statesmen, but on a war in Anatolia between a Greek and a Turkish army. This week, that war (after a long approximation to stalemate) has suddenly been decided with a completeness and finality comparable (if one may compare a small thing to a great one) to the knock-out blow delivered in France in the autumn of 1918. The Greek army has ceased to exist as a fighting force, and the Turkish army (with its opponent's entire transport, artillery, and munitions in its pocket) remains master of the field.

But even this does not give the full measure of the situation, for the Turkish army, triumphant over the Greeks, finds itself at the same time (the first time for more than two centuries) without any other local counterweight. Military power is a relative quantity; and it is a sober fact, not a rhetorical figure, that the relative military power of Turkey is greater at this moment than it has ever been since the failure of the second siege of Vienna in 1683. The mightier military powers of the Hapsburg and Romanov Monarchies, which overshadowed Turkey and held her paralyzed from that memorable date until August, 1914, have both vanished like smoke. Greece she has just disposed of; Bulgaria has been thrown, by common enemies, into her arms; Jugo-Slavia and Roumania are too distant, and too pre-occupied elsewhere, to be desirous of crossing her path; and the three Western Powers are at cross-purposes—the French Government rejoicing at Turkey's success; the Italian Government sitting on the fence; the British Government sulking at having backed a loser, and hardly in a position to ask the British taxpayers for war-credits on their own account. The external military pressure, which for several centuries was the Turk's most acute sensation, has at last been removed, and besides this we have relieved the patient (by expensive surgical opera-

tions, for which we are unlikely to receive our fee) of the internal ulcers which used to devour him—Mesopotamia, for example, and some of the most awkward parts of Kurdistan, and the Hejaz, which used to bleed the Turk (and now bleeds us) of gold, and the Yennen, which used to bleed him (and may now bleed India) of men. Indeed, the boot has got on to the other foot.

Thus the once struggling and vulnerable Ottoman Empire has been cut down and consolidated into a Turkish national State, which retains all the richest provinces, and possesses a Turkish majority in its population, a majority which has shown its determination not to become subject to any other State, and which fights for the maintenance of Turkish sovereignty instead of conspiring against it (as the Balkan Christians and the Arabs used to do). Above all, this continental Anatolian Turkey is a particularly difficult nut for sea-power to crack, as Lord Salisbury knew very well when he excused his inability to protect the Armenians by pointing out that British battleships could not traverse the Taurus. On the other hand, the British Empire, which before the war could snap its fingers at Turkish military power from behind the wonderful physical barriers of the North-East frontier of Egypt and the North-West frontier of India, is now occupying, with ridiculously inadequate forces, two positions, Mesopotamia and the Straits, in which the Turks can attack us, in the present circumstances, with all the advantages on their side. They are positions, moreover, which we prize, or from which we cannot, at any rate, be driven by force of arms without losing more prestige and dignity than we can afford to sacrifice. In the immediate future, therefore, we have before us the choice between a new war in the East (on two fronts, and without Allies), or making terms with a Power which our Government still refuses to admit as a factor in its calculations. If the British Government will not abandon its ostrich-posture, the British Press and people, at least, would be well advised to study the Turkish state of mind. If once they come to grips with it themselves and make up their own minds what they mean to do about it, they can always put another Government into power, to give their national will in this matter effect.

One thing is certain: the Turks will now insist on every jot and tittle of their celebrated "National Pact." This laconic document deals in six articles with the territory which the Turks claim for their State, and with the sovereignty which they claim for their national Government within these limits. Some sections of frontier had already been fixed, to the Turks' satisfaction, before their offensive against the Greeks began—the frontier towards Armenia, for instance, by treaty with the Erivan Republic and with Soviet Russia, and the frontier towards Syria by the "Franklin-Bouillon Agreement" with France. The frontier in the region of Smyrna has now been carried, by the course of military events, to the coastline of the Ægean Sea. The two principal zones that remain debatable are Thrace and Kurdistan. In the former, the Turks claim the restoration of their full sovereignty up to the line of the River Maritsa (including Adrianople), and autonomy for Western Thrace beyond—a point that interests Bulgaria, who may incidentally secure her promised outlet to the open sea. The case of Kurdistan is covered by the first article of the Pact, which renounces the former Arab provinces of the Ottoman Empire, but not territories inhabited by a non-Arab Moslem majority. In this direction, the claims staked out by the Nationalist leaders are at this moment being put into practical effect by the Turkish irregulars and Kurdish insurgents, who have caused us to evacuate Ruwanduz and Suleymaniya.

As regards the question of sovereignty, the Turks are prepared to grant the non-Turkish minorities in their

country (on condition of reciprocity for Turkish minorities elsewhere) the whole status, and nothing but the status, secured to minorities in defeated or newly created or enlarged States in Europe by the recent treaties of peace. They also propose to assimilate themselves still further to the European model by abolishing the Capitulations, under the special protection of which foreign nationals have resided in Turkey hitherto. The Turks attach just as much importance to these questions of sovereignty as to their territorial programme.

Finally, there is the freedom of the Straits—which His Majesty's Government might have had from Fethi Bey, on the sound basis of demilitarization, when he came to London to seek an understanding, a few weeks ago. The Government, in their wisdom, sent Fethi empty away, and in the meantime the Greek *débâcle* has followed. Will the offer, so contemptuously rejected, be made again? That depends on the Turks, and it is to be hoped, for their sake as well as ours, that they will show wisdom and moderation in their hour of triumph, and will not be demoralized by the sudden turn of the wheel. All depends on this, and this depends on them. If their rulers are to rise to the occasion, they must be greater statesmen and greater men than our rulers proved themselves to be at the Peace Conference at Paris. For observers whose faith in human nature does not run to this length, the Near Eastern outlook is dark.

T.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I SUPPOSE we can recall some situations in our foreign policy more dangerous and futile than the new crisis in the Far East, but they must be few and particularly evil. What can we do? Between them Mr. Lloyd George and M. Venizelos have left us no course out of ruin, save through the valley of humiliation. We have spurred the Greeks on in Asia Minor; now we must shepherd their routed levies and their threatened populations to the sea. We have given them Thrace, after having promised it to the Turks; now the Turk, I suppose, will have his own again. We are in charge of Constantinople. France politely invites us to clear out and open the gates to the latest successor of Mohammed the Conqueror. We have suppressed and ignored Bulgaria; she is to-day a certain ally of the returning Turkish power. We cannot help Greece, our client; we cannot stop Turkey, the new dependency of France. Our influence with these Powers has been thrown away in turn: for we have been false to both. This is the Eastern policy of Mr. Lloyd George. He is peculiarly responsible; for, under his Premiership, the Foreign Office has lived in half-revolting dependence on his Secretariat. The Greek policy is solely his; and the Greek *débâcle* treads on the heels of his latest glorification of it. Now all is gone; and the cause of the Christian populations comes dismally down with the fall of Greek Imperialism.

For my part, I cannot glory in the Greek reverses. They must be set down to their first authorship, which was the ambition of Venizelos. The Greek dynasty is now involved, but Constantine was not the originator of the Smyrna expedition, though he is its victim. The Greek armies sinned in their turn; and the massacres of Smyrna and the Marmora coast doom the most promising and intellectually alive of East-European nationalities to a long, though not a final, eclipse. But Liberalism forebodes the return of the Turk. He

has his virtues, and the Anatolian peasant is their compendium. But Sir Edwin Pears, who knew him well, said truly that he was incapable of industry or handicrafts. He is a soldier and a landowner, and he can govern by massacre. And as the other Balkan nationalities can never unite, he can maintain for a little longer the Truce of Fear which is to-day the only instrument of government left to Europe, "Christian" or non-Christian. That is the new equilibrium in the East.

It is not wonderful that this Georgian collapse should affect the vanishing stability of the Cabinet. It is described to me as divided not on one question only, but on nearly all. Mr. Lloyd George's ascendancy hardly exists; and his "Liberal" following has ceased to exercise power or to command credit. The only bit of solidity rests with the Tories. Since Bonar Law's resignation, they have gone farther and farther from the Prime Minister, and Mr. Chamberlain, never a real link with the Party outside, is now forced to make the rapidly growing disaffection his chief care. He is reported as greatly concerned with the Conservative Conference in November, which is sure to fortify the position of the Die-Hards; he will certainly not lead a Coalition Party at the Election; and it must be an effort with him to maintain much longer even a nominal link with its chief. Mr. Churchill is also detached from Lloyd Georgism; indifferent and critical, he watches the growing disintegration, and will, at the due moment, assist it. In the country, again, the Salisbury movement grows; and a popular head for it is sought, and may be found, in Lord Derby. But the main source of trouble lies in the outlook for British Imperialism. Europe, France, Turkey, Egypt, India, Mesopotamia, and Ireland—each of these words has become the symbol of failure or of worse than failure. As a result of this crushing assemblage of blunders and difficulties, the most powerful political figure in England may at any moment become the most impotent.

THE honors scandal is being rather lightly regarded on account of the half-comic diversion into the history of Mr. Shaw; but the accumulation of *prima facie* evidence in the "Post" goes on, and the appearance of Mr. Moffat, and the evidence of Dr. Ashe, seem to me to mark a nearer approach to a disclosure than the earlier testimony. I shall be surprised to learn that the Cabinet is indifferent, or that Prime Ministers and Patronage Secretaries—there are plenty of both sorts alive—will be able to avoid a summons before the Commission and a strict interrogation. That there is a class of "touts" in honors I cannot doubt; or that they have been in the habit of making advances to well-to-do people of the "business" type. I could parallel the story in the "Post" of an approach to a commercial man and the offer of a knighthood for £14,000 with an account, given me years ago by a man of considerable fame in his day, of a similar pursuit. The offer to him was of a knighthood for £7,000—so that the rising tide of prices would seem to have reached these uncharted shores, no less than the more accustomed highways of sale and barter.

WILFRID BLUNT is very hard to classify. He was certainly the most romantic Englishman of our times—in his later years he looked like the model for Michael Angelo's Moses, or, if one chooses a softer vision, of Giotto's Abraham, watching his flock by night. But Blunt was no patriarch. He belonged to the curious and not unimportant sect which Henry Adams immortally described as the Conservative-Christian-Anarchists. Of these intellectual Sioux he was a Mighty

Chief. Poet and born writer, a Nationalist, crazy for justice, and with a magnificent gift for quarrelling, he became as bad an enemy of statesmen, Governments, and the conventions as ever this land of anarchists has thrown up. In a sense he had a side. He was for the East against the West, as Kipling was for the West against the East. There was this strange Englishman's home; there his genius and fancy flowered into poetry and adventure: for it all his best propagandism was done.

I CONDOLE with Mr. Moscovitch. He is the finest natural actor in London, and as the united intellects of our stage writers and producers can present him with nothing better to exercise his genius on than "The Torch," he will, I hope, excuse us, and presently, as Mr. Walkley hints, revert to Shakespere, and give his Shylock a successor in Lear. I profess I am unable to criticize the play at the Apollo. If the extraordinary family, whose gambols in this world of sense it illustrates, had appeared in a moon of Jupiter, or the Valley of the Roc's Egg, I could not have been more dumbfounded than by their appearance of existing in Switzerland, and by their adventures in that divine but unexciting land. Mr. Moscovitch has been given one or two chances of showing the natural force and dignity of his incomparable manner, and he makes the most of them. With this I retire into the silence begotten of pure amazement.

MR. GARDINER'S *Life of Harcourt* throws incidentally a good deal of new, or perhaps I should say of new-old, light on the character of Queen Victoria. Harcourt, like most Liberal Ministers of her time, was in a state of constant, if respectful, war with her. Her retorts were good-natured, but at times terrible. Being on one occasion a Minister in attendance at Osborne (I think), he signified it by attending church in a suit of grey, with hat to match. Returning, he found on his table a note in Sir Henry Ponsonby's hand with the rescript: "We do not approve of grey on the Sabbath."

I SEE Lord Northcliffe's fortune is provisionally fixed at two millions. I am told that its real total is nearer seven.

I MAKE a final acknowledgment of my readers' generous contributions to the fund for feeding poor students and artists in Frankfort. Their kind gifts have been forwarded to Dr. Simon, of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," and acknowledged by him, and the fund is now closed.

Already acknowledged ...	£125 11 6
Miss C. Crichton Stuart ...	1 0 0
A. V. ...	10 0
Omitted from Sept. 9th—	
E. P. Frankland, Esq. ...	1 0
	£127 2 6

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

LE DIEU QUI RIT.

OUR boldest and wittiest Dean since Swift tells us that God must possess a sense of humor, for otherwise He would be lacking in one element of personal perfection. The Scriptures have not done Him justice. The only laughter imputed to Him in the Old Testament is that of scorn, and though Dean Inge finds bits of delicate irony

in the New Testament, as in "the ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance," we are provided with no adequate measure of relief. It is not too much to say that Christianity has suffered heavily from this lack of gaiety, and of that deeper humor where laughter lies near to tears. Nor is the lack confined to "sour Puritanism"; it weakens the humanity of all the Churches. The defect is not remedied by letting in humor from the outside world. The clergy, more perhaps than other professions, have a rich store of jests, a too conscious relief for their overstrain of seriousness. But what is wanted is not that priests or ministers should laugh, but that God should laugh.

No one with any true sense of the significance of humor will feel shocked at the suggestion that God is a humorist. For, confined as man must be to realization of the divine life in terms of human perfection, we are bound to assign to Him "an interest in life." Now the accepted theology fails in this provision. Can we really conceive God as making man "to glorify Him for ever and ever"? It is not merely an unworthy, but a self-contradictory proposition when coupled with omniscience. It can afford Him no interest in life. But once admit the view that He may have made man in order to watch his "goings on" and see "what he makes of it," and an intelligible theology begins to emerge. First of all, it puts "Free Will" in its proper place. For the primary demand of humor is the cancelment of omniscience and the introduction of an element of instability and indetermination into the life of man. Every form of humor rests upon the unexpected. No omniscient being could be a humorist. We thus conceive God as throwing man on his own resources, "letting him loose" within some limits, in order to see him make a saint, a hero, or a fool of himself. Plenty of theologians have felt obliged to hedge upon omniscience as fatal to the divine interest in the efforts of humanity, but they have not realized that Free Will carries with it this divine play of humor. God must be the supreme humorist because He alone can see unfold before Him the whole of the Human Comedy, the greatness and the smallness of man, the abrupt contrasts between the high conceits man has of himself and his achievements. What a broad smile must have spread over the divine countenance when His wisest play-boy chanted his ecstatic words, "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"

As rung by rung His chief of animals scales the ladder from brute to savage, savage to civilized humanity, outwitting all his enemies by the fine faculty of reason, until he has become a wholly reasonable being, with laws, and sciences, and cunningly contrived instruments of safety and progress, the humor of the situation mounts with him. For then the beast within him suddenly kicks over the wonderful house of cards he has erected, using his vaunted reason for this very task of destruction.

"Er nennt's Vernunft und braucht es nur allein
Ja thierischer als jedes Thier zu sein."

Man is too near the stage for a full comprehension of the *tragi-comedy*. God can be the only intelligent spectator. The laughter as well as the tears are His. And to the fullness of His being the one is as necessary as the other. In all soberness we would put to those who lament that religion is losing its hold upon the peoples the need for brightening religion by enabling it to appeal to human nature as a whole. Solemnity and reverence will not suffer; they will gain by the presence of a watchful humor which shall forbid their passing into boredom or

routine. It is sometimes said that with the downfall of religion humor itself would disappear, and our Dean assents to the opinion that the finer modern humor is in large measure a product of Christianity, which signifies, we take it, that the higher spiritual seriousness of life carries with it its own relief element. But it makes a great difference whether the relief element stands outside religion or is incorporated in its very spiritual substance. And the plea for a God who laughs is a plea for the full humanization of religion, its release from the separatism and sabbatical solemnity which have made it antipathetic to the ordinary man and woman of to-day. This will not be remedied by putting "good stories" into sermons, or finding pulpits for chartered jesters like Billy Sunday, or by direct attempts to compete with the Pictures or the Halls. What is wanted is a literal revolution in theology, the conception of a God who will do the spiritual work of healing that is necessary. Everybody knows how valuable humor is in the handling of angry, obstinate, suspicious, hateful people. Well, the world is full of just such people now, and the cry everywhere is for a new spiritual revelation of power. If God Himself is to prevail in rescuing man from the desperate plight in which he has got himself, we feel sure that the healing method of appeal will carry elements of divine humor. To mankind collectively, as individually, it may often be better to say, "See what a fool you have made of yourself," instead of, "See what a brute and rogue you are."

The old Hebrews had a particularly defective view of the divine character. The sort of humor they imputed was far too elementary. An offended deity turning rain from heaven upon a thoughtless crowd, or enticing an Egyptian army to its watery grave—such rude practical jokes exhibit a malignity which we feel to be alien to the divine nature. Still less can we accept Blanco Posnet's theory of divine interpositions as the play of a sardonic wit. Among mortal humorists Montaigne comes nearest to the large, calm, benign humor with which the Deity might well regard His handiwork.

We have done God and ourselves a great injustice by the character we have imputed to Him. A Deity with the sense of humor He must have, doubtless finds the finest of all jests in the man-made theology which represents Him as a perfect spiritual mechanism, eternal and immutable, passionless and all-knowing—devoid of all novelty in life, pursuing for ever a dull, self-centred ceremonial career where nothing "happens."

Sketches of Travel.

II.*

PUGLIA.

(Concluded.)

SOLETO has a beautiful cathedral, with a campanile that must be one of the finest in the old Neapolitan kingdom. It was built early in the sixteenth century, and is Gothic in style, though it has all the fantasy of the Baroque period in Lecce. The tower is four stories high; the three lower ones are square; each side has a beautiful Gothic window with a slender twisted pillar in the centre; the top story is hexagonal in shape, with smaller windows in each side, and is surmounted by a cupola. The corners of the square tower are marked by very unusual gargoyles, suggesting Chinese grotesques of an early epoch. The windows of the church itself are later in date, and have stone grills instead of glass. This gives a very

* Continued from THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of September 9th. The first article, treating of Lecce, appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for May 27th and June 3rd.

rich impression, and reminds one of the Spanish churches in South America. This form of window is very rarely seen, except in Puglia.

Inside the cathedral, among many other interesting things, is a curious Gothic wooden pulpit, probably made early in the fifteenth century. The base of the pulpit is supported by six crocodiles. One does not remember having seen a crocodile used in this way before. The heads of these creatures betray a strong African influence, having the same strange and rather horrible delicacy that is to be found in the ivory fetishes of the Congo Valley. What did Leccese workmen know of the crocodile? Crocodiles were, of course, much used in the alchemy of the Middle Ages, and perhaps some local alchemist in his perpetual search for the Philosopher's Stone had imported them. But it seems as if the sirocco had brought the primitive feeling of the African forests across with it to this ancient and civilized land.

Though the crocodile may be uncommon, yet here is the home of an equally venomous reptile, the tarantula. The bite of this vast spider is fatal in most cases, but the legend grew up that it was also responsible for the peculiar dancing madness that is now of frequent occurrence in the extreme south of Italy. From this legend, from the name of this spider, grew the Neapolitan folk-dance, the tarantella.

There were outbreaks of this dance mania quite late in the nineteenth century, but unfortunately they were never scientifically observed. The person first afflicted usually dances on till he or she dies of heart failure, and often the infection spread till half the village joined in the fatal dance. An old friend of the writer's has described to him how, passing through some out-of-the-way village in the South many years ago, he saw a woman dancing madly in the piazza surrounded by a crowd. The people told him that she had been bitten by a tarantula, and had already danced for twenty-four hours. Unfortunately, he did not stop to see the end of it. This madness, which must be a form of epidemic hysteria, was also to be met with in Greece, and is probably related to the outbreaks of dancing dervishes. A party of psycho-analysts should be ready equipped for the next occasion.

To return, however, to our crocodiles, it is certainly a strange thing to find their image in this lovely old church. They would seem more in keeping with the rites of worship in some temple on the slimy banks of a jungle river—and the pulpit has something unpleasant about it: it is too sirocco, too tropical.

The country became, if possible, even flatter as we neared Gallipoli; the hard, blue ribbons of sea fluttered again on the horizon. Gallipoli itself is on an island, and presents the appearance of a small fortress-like rock, crammed with gaily painted houses, floating like a bright flag above the prevailing flatness. But it is impossible to imagine how the population of 10,000 people is pressed into this small space. The town is joined to the mainland by a wide bridge-road, on either side of which is the sea, so hard and blue from the distance, but clear as green crystal when you look down into its waters. At one side of the bridge is an interesting Roman fountain, with a fine bas-relief. This town was important in Greek and Roman times; rich, as it is now, from the great quantity and excellence of its wine and oil. These were stored, and are still, in vast caves and cellars in the rocks, hewn out in pre-Greek times.

The Portuguese and the two garage proprietors hurried out of the motor. We were rather late, and there might be no cuttlefish left. . . . We walked round the town, a town of which the palaces were more interesting than the churches, which seemed rather uninspired after the ones we had seen recently. The stone here is grey, and lacks the rich golden color that makes Lecce and its villages so beautiful. The palaces are mostly Baroque, and larger than they are usually in this neighborhood. Wandering through the narrow streets, we heard a mournful wailing, and met, suddenly, two figures clad in black, inquisitorial garb; their eyes peered at us through the mask of the high, peaked cap. They seemed so in keeping with the old town that it was some seconds before we were even surprised. It dawned on us later

that the day was Maundy Thursday, and that the Easter processions, unequalled in Italy, were beginning. Through the brilliant, trembling light these figures passed in their strange dresses; the black figures were soon followed by others; some were dressed in red and blue, some in scarlet and purple, with wide or peaked hats. These garments had nothing of fancy-dress about them, as would happen in a procession in England; here in their appropriate setting, in the narrow streets, with the gloom of wide, cool courtyards behind, under the light which was now at its full midday strength, showing a hundred shades of color where before you had seen but one, they took you, not back to some historic period, but to some undiscovered land, an unknown civilization—to Mexico before the Spanish conquest or to some beautiful world of the future. They walked in silence, with only an occasional wailing, and disappeared into the wide, empty, cave-like churches.

It was on our return from Gallipoli, at Soletto, that we encountered another curious survival. Entering the court of the palace to look at a garden vista beyond, we saw on the wall a drawing of Punchinello—loose clothes, long white cap, black mask and beak, and all the correct attributes. It was distinctly the drawing of a child, done a few days previously. It was rather as if we had seen a drawing of King Arthur, by a child, on an English wall. Perhaps the popular love of Punchinello is so strong because the people here so resemble him in physique and character: they are taller, more stoutly built, than most Italians, with large noses and more marked features, rather Roman in type. If it be true, as we see stated in various newspapers, that Charlie Chaplin intends to throw away his baggy trousers, his cane, and his billy-cock hat to adopt the still more conventional garb and gesture of a Punchinello, we may yet see a revived Italian comedy conquer the cinema. Meanwhile in these far, small towns Punchinello holds his own with Charlie, but whether he does so as the member of a travelling company or as a marionette is difficult to find out. The art of the marionette-theatre, carried to the highest point of achievement in the old kingdom of the two Sicilies, is now in a state of great decadence. Before the war very few of these theatres existed; to-day there are but a handful left, to be found in the most wretched quarters of Naples and Palermo. Strange temples of art they are, these small, hot, dusty theatres, with a gallery painted in the style one associates with votive pictures. There is usually a painted stall with horrible little glasses of lemonade, and pampas-grass plumes at the corner, which give it the air of a gaily painted hearse. In the autumn the solitary lemonade is augmented by heaped-up plates of the peeled fruit of the prickly pear, very lovely to look at, like a blood-orange in color. For months the marionettes perform the historic dramas of Tasso and Ariosto; here these classics find their last homes. On this little stage the Crusader once more prances on his armorial-looking horse, and defeats the Saracen, while the man who pulls the wires, who is responsible for the death of Infidel and Christian alike, declaims the chivalresque sentiments with fervent voice, much as does International Finance in our own dear wars. In spite of this painful reminder of our ills, it is a fine performance. The paladins clank about the stage in shining armor; from their helmets wave magenta plumes. Once again the beloved one is rescued, just as she is being hurried away to a harem; once again the Knight, fully equipped, kills the Saracen—that Turk of the nursery, with huge turban and ferocious, curving sword. The movements are abrupt, some legs appear to be rather on the swivel, yet it is impossible to get away from the illusion of reality, impossible to believe that these figures are only dolls eighteen inches in height.

Evening after evening the same drama continues, perhaps lasting for as much as three months. Then follows another drama of the same species. The audience, which up till the middle of the last century consisted of all the richest and most intelligent bandits and beggars in the two Sicilies—men apparently of real critical interest, who knew all Tasso and Ariosto by heart—has now sunk to a few very dirty children and two or three men, simpletons or village idiots. Thus dies one

of the last direct links between ancient Rome and modern Europe. Meanwhile we need not despair. The study of Charlie Chaplin is quite as important as that of any poet for the modern child, and more valuable for his master. Let the educationalists forcibly suppress the pernicious habit of compulsory games in English schools, and, instead, make visits to the cinema compulsory for the masters. Each schoolmaster should be forced to see Charlie Chaplin at least twice a week. He might then learn to appreciate the advantage that genius has over mediocrity, the supreme importance of art over all other things, and the intense sympathy of genius for the weak and oppressed. But perhaps even now the schoolmaster steals away secretly to watch Charlie on the films, for Art often lures on those whom it means ultimately to destroy. Thus Rousseau and Voltaire fascinated the polite world of the eighteenth century, and Shakespeare has an irresistible appeal to the budding actor-manager.

OSBERT SITWELL.

Letters to the Editor.

"THE MYTH OF WAR-GUILT."

SIR,—Will you allow me to congratulate you on the admirably lucid and dispassionate article in your last issue on the causes of the war, and to say that a careful study of the whole of the published evidence has led me to almost exactly the same conclusions? We shall never understand the great catastrophe unless we realize that its chief cause was the competition of Austria and Russia for the domination of the Balkans; that since the virile Aehrenthal succeeded the easy-going Goluchowski in 1906 Austria had gone her own way, with very little consideration for the wishes of Berlin; and that an influential party in Russia was bent on securing control of the Straits and on helping Serbia to conquer the Jugo-Slav provinces of Austria. These vital facts do not acquit Germany of responsibility for the war, but they place it in its proper perspective. I am disposed to attribute to France a smaller share of responsibility than the writer of your article; and I censure the ultimatum to Serbia (for which the German Government was morally scarcely less responsible than the Austrian) more sharply than the Russian mobilization, since the latter was the almost inevitable rejoinder to the former.—Yours, &c.,

G. P. GOOCH.

SIR,—In your notes on this subject in your issue of September 9th, you overlook one section of sincere opinion, which has its representatives even in Germany, and which will not allow the war-guilt of the Kaiser's Government to be disposed of as easily as you are inclined to allow. I refer to International, Republican Social-Democracy—the standpoint represented in this country by the late H. M. Hyndman and his friends, and in Germany by such respectable publicists as Eduard Bernstein and Karl Kautsky.

Those who take this view do not regard the assassination of Serajevo as a "shocking crime" only to be expiated by war. The murder of an Archduke is, for them, an ordinary murder; and the attempt of the Hapsburg Monarchy to treat it as anything more, and their support in that attitude by the Hohenzollern Monarchy, were affronts to international democracy by two medieval autocracies. If Russia mobilized, she at least mobilized on the right side, and had the support of such veteran revolutionists as Kropotkin and Burtzeff on that occasion.

We do not forget, either, that the French Army on August 1st, 1914, was deliberately withdrawn 10 kilometres from the German frontier to prevent any casual collision leading to the outbreak of hostilities. What a comment upon the doctrine that mobilization is equivalent to war!

We do not forget that the German Ambassador at Paris, when demanding of the French Government unconditional neutrality in the war declared by Germany on Russia, had instructions from his Government, in the event of the French reply being in the affirmative, to require the surrender of

Belfort and Toul as securities. So determined was Germany that France should be left no alternative to war!

We do not forget, lastly, that the same men who controlled German policy in 1914 are now endeavoring, by the murder *seriatim* of German Republicans such as Rathenau, to prepare the way for the restoration of the Monarchy, and for a war of revenge; and that their most resolute opponents in Germany, such as Bernstein, are the men who denounce the war-guilt of their Government in 1914, and who accept nine-tenths of the Treaty of Versailles.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT ARCH.

SIR,—As a member of the Union of Democratic Control, may I express deep gratitude for the powerful reinforcement which your article in last week's issue gives to the position held by the Union continuously since 1914, viz., that the false imputation of the sole war-guilt to Germany was mainly responsible for the outbreak of the war, the continuation of the slaughter after a fair, negotiated peace was possible, and for the condition of war-peace in which Europe is still struggling? It is now for the first time possible to get a wide and just attention for the truth of divided war-guilt.

When Dr. Rathenau, more than two years ago, urged privately in this country a public reconsideration of the question of war responsibility, as an essential preliminary to better international relations, I was opposed to this course then, upon the tactical ground that war-passion was still strong enough to preclude a fair hearing. I am convinced, however, that this is no longer true. For this change of view there are three reasons. First, the evidently growing desire for a secure international settlement, with Germany as a willing participant. Second, the publication of a quantity of new evidence, showing the part which Russia, France, Serbia, and, in a less measure, this country played in the preparation, planning, and launching of the war, with a mass of other evidence bearing upon the secret arrangements for Allied division of the spoils. Third, the plain and repeated exhibition of the part played by the assumption of Germany's sole war-guilt in blocking any sound settlement of reparations and any achievement of a real League of Nations.

An open, full, impartial inquiry, such as you propose, is the only way. One difficulty, however, for the ordinary Englishman is that, though he suspects that other nations shared with Germany the responsibility for the war, he has not the facts or evidence accessible. The best short statement is contained in an article by E. D. Morel in "Foreign Affairs," entitled "The Poison that Destroys," written in response to an appeal by a prominent Liberal statesman, and just republished as a pamphlet by the Independent Labor Party (8, Johnson's Court, E.C. 4). A fuller argued setting of the evidence is contained in Mr. Bausman's "Let France Explain" (Allen & Unwin), a review of which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. HOBSON.

[We are obliged to hold over several letters.—
ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

THE TRAVELLER'S TALE.

I HAVE had purple and gold in my time;
I have been crowned, and I have worn fine linen;
I have known love more than in man and woman.
I have been great, and I have been a beggar;
And if I wrap my memories about me
Like a tattered cloak, they hide the morning
Looking out upon the immortal meadows.

I have been young, and seen the bright-haired maiden
Write on the wall the legend "Ai Apollo!"
I have been old, and known the purple shadow,
And seen the grey-beak'd eagle on the ivory shoulder.
Look on this form, this old man, time-forgotten,
Whose heart is like a speck of death within him.
He goes in gold and purple to his city
To live with the Immortals.

ERNEST RHYS.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

OPTIMISM in connection with the six months' postponement of Reparations payments last week was severely damped by the news of the breakdown of the negotiations between the Belgian delegates and the German Chancellor on the question of security for the bonds. Reports from Berlin suggest that Germany desires, instead of meeting the bonds in six months, to spread payment over two years in three instalments, and although this is not likely to prove acceptable, the breakdown cannot be regarded as final. That the German bonds may be secured on a gold deposit in a neutral bank is now put forward as a possibility. The breakdown of the negotiations naturally produced a relapse in Continental currencies, but early weakness has been followed by comparative steadiness. A subdued tone, however, has characterized markets generally this week, and apart from the fact that the public still shows no signs of activity, prices in the Stock Markets have been inclined to sag owing to the general political uncertainty in Europe. Considerable interest was aroused by the news of the Russo-Asiatic agreement to which some further reference is made below, and Underground stocks have shown some strength, but elsewhere quotations have been irregular, with a slight preponderance of downward movements. The monetary stringency has been less pronounced—indeed, conditions have by comparison been reasonably comfortable, the apparent explanation being a slackening in the tax-gatherer's activities, as shown by the revenue return.

FINANCIAL POLICY.

The report of a Committee of the British Association on a series of questions on the effects of the war on credit, currency, finance, and foreign exchanges contributes many useful suggestions on present-day problems, and adduces some sound arguments on the Reparations and inter-Allied debt questions which ought to be taken to heart by those whose task it is to handle the problem. So far as domestic finances are concerned, the Committee makes some pertinent remarks on debt redemption and Government expenditure, which it regards as intimately connected. "With economy, reduction on a satisfactory scale is possible; without it, such reduction will always remain subject to doubt." Again, "In the near future the real argument for steady reduction of debt is the improvement in the national credit, which will enable conversion of debt to be effected on more favorable terms. In our opinion the method of the 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan was fundamentally bad. Though it transferred short-dated into a long-dated obligation, the great increase in the amount of debt to be redeemed, ultimately, was almost indefensible. The present policy should be not to rush conversion, but to have patience and to work towards such a position as will make a future conversion possible on a less interest charge without addition to the nominal amount of debt." In reply to the question whether the volume of currency should be deliberately restricted with the object of returning to an effective gold standard, the Committee seems disinclined to make a definite pronouncement, but suggests that the aim should be to work towards an ultimate liberation of the currency from Governmental interference with the minimum of disturbance. To obtain stability, "it is really more important to act on credit than on currency, and accordingly the banks can do more than is possible by the Government," and concerted action on the part of the joint-stock banks is required if the rise in home prices during "the next boom" is to be restrained.

AUGUST TRADE.

The returns of overseas trade for August can hardly be called disappointing, although the adverse balance was over £15 millions for the month as compared with £13 millions for July. As compared with August of last year imports are down by nearly £6 millions, while British exports are £8½ millions higher, and re-exports £2½ millions lower. It is satisfactory to find that the increase in British exports as

compared with last year is almost wholly in manufactured goods, the bulk of the remainder being accounted for by coal. On the import side food imports declined by £12½ millions, but imports of raw material increased by £4½ millions, and of manufactured goods by £2 millions. The large decline in food imports is almost entirely a matter of price falls, the quantities taken being but very slightly lower. The movements as compared with a year ago are in the right direction, but as against July last they do not make a very good showing, for while imports are up a million, total exports are down by a similar amount. But it is encouraging to find that the total visible adverse balance for the first eight months of 1922 is £108 millions as compared with £208 millions for the corresponding period of 1921, the former figure being not so very much above the pre-war average. It must be admitted, however, that the decrease in the adverse balance is due to a reduction in imports, and not to an expansion in exports.

NOBEL INDUSTRIES.

The report of Nobel Industries, Ltd., incorporated in 1918 as Explosives Trades, Ltd., to take over the control of a large number of companies manufacturing explosives, ammunition, and a variety of miscellaneous commodities, has been issued this week. The company's total resources amount to over £23 millions, and considering the general state of trade, shareholders have every reason to feel satisfied at the results for the year ended December 31st last. Profits amounted to £809,200, as compared with £850,000 for 1920, and a dividend of 5 per cent. is distributed to ordinary shareholders as against nothing for the previous year, when the directors considered it more prudent to carry forward a surplus of £757,500. This year £463,300 is carried to the next accounts, but £350,000 is transferred to a Special Investment Reserve account. In 1920, it may be remembered, the company made an issue of £3,000,000 in 8 per cent. Seven Year notes, reserving the right to redeem them at 101 at any time after next November on giving three months' notice. As the notes now stand above this figure it would not be surprising to hear that the company proposes to exercise its option at an early date, and make an issue of some sort on more favorable terms.

THE RUSSO-ASIATIC AGREEMENT.

The large number of shareholders in the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, Ltd., whose property was confiscated by the Soviet Government, will welcome the news that Mr. Leslie Urquhart, chairman of the company, has signed an agreement with M. Krassin under which all the properties in the Urals and Siberia, which the company formerly owned or leased, are to be restored under a ninety-nine years' lease. It has also been agreed that the company shall be compensated for damage done to the properties and for the confiscation of undertakings that have been nationalized, but perhaps the most interesting part of the agreement, from a general point of view, is that Mr. Urquhart has secured for the company the right of free bargaining as to conditions of work and remuneration of workmen employed. It is stated that the compensation is to be paid partly in cash and partly in bonds, the latter being available to the company for payment of taxation and Customs duties. The agreement, if ratified by the Soviet Government, will be the first open departure by the latter from its previous policy of refusal to recognize the rights of private property, and future developments will be watched with great interest. The Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, Ltd., was registered in October, 1919, to consolidate the interests of the Irtysh, Kyshtim, Russo-Canadian and Tanalyk Corporations. It has properties and concessions in the Urals and Western Siberia covering an area of 2½ million acres, twelve developed metal mines, coal mines, and a large quantity of plant. Of a capital of £12 millions in £1 shares, £9,630,882 has been issued. On the announcement of the agreement on Monday, the shares rose from 10s. 9d. to 12s. 1½d.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

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The World of Books.

IN this age of dissolution of the old, when we sit among the ruins scarce knowing any more than the monkeys clambering about an ancient Hindu temple how to set about our rebuilding, we have long passed that simple, that heroic and naïve period when it was the custom to rejoice at the "Conquest of Nature" and marvel at the heights and depths of our prowess as a species. That was an Age of Faith; here is one of question, of doubt, of despondency, of bewildered wandering and wondering among the thickets of the mind. Having added up the sum of achievement, we begin to ask what is its value, rather in the mood of a prosperous German possessing a hundred thousand marks. Two years ago there appeared a book by Dr. James Ritchie of the Scottish Education Department, called "The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland: a Study in Faunal Evolution," which helps us to see light upon one of our questions—"What have we done with the earth?"—as no book has ever done before. One could say plenty of nice things about it, taking its place as it does among the ripest products of English scholarship; the real point is that it is unique.

At the end of this extraordinarily illuminating book, not only for its subject but for the study of Man, life's interrogation mark as he might be called, Dr. Ritchie says in his pondering, leisurely way:—

"She (Nature) exterminates an animal: long she seems to ponder over the process, slowly the conditions creep in which render existence more difficult, time gives many opportunities for changing a habit, even for modifying a structure, so that new adaptation may turn aside the threat of extinction—only to incompetence of adjustment does Nature mete out its reward. But Man is still 'Nature's insurgent son,' her methods are too slow for him, he rebels against her deliberation. Man exterminates an animal: he slays rapidly, rashly, remorselessly, and the deed done, takes time to regret his impetuosity. Nature, it would seem, considers well before she deals the final blow; Man deals the final blow and then considers."

Upon this basis, Dr. Ritchie constructs a highly elaborate balance-sheet of credits and debits, and applies it to a small, isolated country of recent history (during the early Pleistocene, Scotland was lifeless, being buried under an ice-sheet three thousand feet thick), from Neolithic times to the present day, with scores of marginal quotations from old authors thrown in.

He divides his book into two main heads, direct and indirect human interference with Nature. Under each heading, man acts both as destroyer

and creator, supplanter and transformer. The most potent of all influences, of course, has been domestication, of which cultivation of the soil is probably only a by-product. All flesh is grass, but equally all civilization is domestication. The source of every branch of social life, of every modern art, of all culture, is simply a herd of tame animals, and without that supreme Neolithic invention, the word "history" would never have existed. Whether the primitive invaders of Scotland brought their own animals with them or subdued the native stock of wild horse, grey lag goose, mallard, wild boar, wild sheep, and urus, or the twain interbred, mankind changed the face of the earth with his herds. The primitive weapons of Neolithic man did not make a radical difference to Scottish fauna, but within comparatively recent times Scottish man has exterminated from his country through domestication (primarily), the invention of gunpowder, and greed of gain, the great auk, various whales and seals, the lynx, the brown bear, the wolf, the wild boar (since the Middle Ages), the sea-eagle (within fifty years), the crane, the goshawk, kite, osprey, honey buzzard, the char, the beaver, the dipper, the wild cat, founmart and marten (practically), the bittern and great bustard, and various butterflies and shellfish. Deforestation has played an even greater part in obliterating animal life, by making it easy for the very clouds of heaven to wash the land barren and so foodless for the native fauna, than direct destruction. By the Roman conquest, by the use of fuel, by sheep pasturage, agriculture, industrialism, rabbits and goats, building, and road-making, the ancient pine forests of Scotland, which once covered half the land, have been reduced to less than four per cent. of the whole country. With them went the reindeer, elk, red deer (the modern red deer are a third smaller than their ancestors through degeneration), and other animals.

YET domestication—in other words, civilization—has actually increased the numbers and variety of animal life. Many sparrows have supplanted the proud osprey; and various stowaways, camp-followers, and hangers-on, like rats, fleas, cockroaches, scale-insects, house flies, and innumerable other forms of pigmy life, have, by transplantation through trade, gone to swell the disappearing fauna. The effect of Man's influence upon Nature, so intricate, so incommensurable, has hardly been for the poet to boast. As he says:—

"Where one step's broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike."

Apart from general social life, man's interference has rid Scotland of *ague* and malaria by reclamation of the marshes, and multiplied insectivorous and seed-eating birds by destroying their natural enemies and increasing their food supply. But the poet's gain? Perhaps, after all, he has the last word. Through and from all this mess and waste and blundering destruction has arisen a quite new and democratic idea that what is left of the earth as it was should be preserved for the benefit of all. Does this credit side cancel out the debit side? Who can tell?

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

THE GROCERESS.

THE little shop was a refuge from the midday heat outside; in the harbor the tide was low, and the fishing-boats, high and dry on the mud, leaned here and there as if in attitudes of exhaustion—a refuge from the glare, and yet more stifling in the gloom. The small window was a bright square of light where the hostile sun showed only too clearly the ancient and fly-blown packets of custard-powder and other manufactured delicacies, as well as the dust-covered little piles of jujubes and sweets which were fast losing all shape and color in the disorder of liquefaction. A dusty smell, a faintly sour smell, pervaded the low room, for which the bars of dry soap, the paper bags of flour, a plate of salted beans, and a huge uncovered jar of home-pickled shallots were chiefly responsible.

To the eyes of the would-be purchaser, unaccustomed to the sudden darkness, a corner of the room seemed slowly to detach itself and move towards the counter, a drab, identical part of the surroundings, which suddenly, in the stream of flecked sunlight, transformed itself into the round and untidy self-satisfaction of the proprietress, Mrs. Hamlyn. Enclosed in a rusty black dress which was fastened to her, it appeared, by a few shamelessly obvious safety-pins, she yet endeavored to preserve a sense of her superiority by a small lace cap set rather jauntily on her pale, smooth hair. Her sallow, puffy face, where still lingered traces of the good looks of her girlhood, thrust itself out of the shadows; and her deep-sunken eyes had already in them a look of dreaminess, as if she lived in a world of memories from which she was at last resigned to depart. Her face presented a mask, interrogative, with its yellowish skin hanging in folds upon the cheeks and chin; but to an acquaintance, to a gossip, hints of expression stole across those impassive features and the deep lines loosened in a smile. An old, old woman full of cynical comments upon an age which she did not understand, and indeed held in great contempt.

Always was she sitting in the far corner of the shop, whence through that square of misty glass she could watch the harbor and the traffic of the "cliff." Through all her eighty years what changes she had seen! The placid fishing-boats of her prime were high and dry, while already, clustered round the end of the pier, the steam drifters, having reaped their harvest, were preparing to depart, and on the cliff young people of other manners, other morals (as she would say), passed down the years. Perhaps dimly as she gazed outward, her hands folded in her lap, she saw still the tiny harbor of sixty years ago, and perhaps it was still her husband whom she saw pacing up and down outside with the other fishermen in his old blue jumper and faded cap. Who could tell in what regions those aged eyes had been exploring?

And yet the trivial doings of the village never escaped her. They were her meat and drink. For there is no place for gossip like a shop, and from the pig-tailed, aproned women who began to come in as soon as the children were safely in school she gleaned her infallible information. And to any tit-bit of scandal, what caustic remarks issued from those turned-down lips! She had her fling at all, sparing no one, not even her own relatives. But always came the philosophic turn, always the reference to the past which she had come to regard as especially her own, the utterance of the incorrigible pessimist capping the scorch of her rebukes. The present was retrograde: it was inevitably so. Standing there, behind a wire arrangement on which were displayed garish picture-postcards of a questionable type of humor, her poise a little unsteady and her mouth drooping yet further over her ill-fitting teeth, she branded the present generation as sons of Belial, fallen long since from the grace of her esteem.

And withal she was not bitter. With her own life she had no quarrel. Her eyes were dimmed with that bright and unforgettable vision of the past, which she had, alas! outlived. Small wonder the fishing was bad: they stinkin' motors was like to drive the fish away, sure

'nough! The young men were lazy; the young girls without shame. How could they be otherwise with the lure of high wages in America for the one, the infamous fascination of too brightly colored skirts and blouses for the other . . . and high, tight boots, the shameless hussies! They were brought up too soft. She had lived her long life and seen hardships in plenty: sixty years ago girls were treated less softly. Then, drawing herself up and smoothing down the ruffled lace on her bodice, she would say with a faint smile, "Well! well! them as 'as signed the articles must go the v'yage."

An illness, her first, took her when she was eighty-one, and for a while the shop knew her no more. A grandchild, a young girl of sixteen, ministered to the wants of the village, and with laudable enterprise rearranged the window. But soon the old woman was in her wonted place again, her skin only a little more yellowish, her eyes more deeply sunken, scolding the child because she had thrown away the old packets and almost indistinguishable sweets. And at length the sun worked its will once more, and the exhibition of her wares assumed an appearance more compatible with that of their owner. But the girl remained, and it could soon be seen that her gran'ma was no longer the woman she had been. Mrs. Hamlyn knew it herself, and her wit had a more valedictory tinge. . . .

And now she seldom left her corner save at the entrance of some especial customer. She simply sat there gazing, gazing beyond the window square. And in the low, stuffy shop, where the flies buzzed noisily and the faintly sour smell of mortality hung like a veil, it seemed as if, in her portentous immobility, the very dust of Time was actually gathering upon her, and that as the labels faded on the packets in the window, so, gradually and imperceptibly, the imprint of life was fading from her shrunken form. She seemed, more than ever, to be waiting, like her tired windowful of wares, for the lowering of the blind at last on that bright scene outside—.

GERALD MILLER.

Reviews.

RELATIVITY, SCIENTIFIC AND METAPHYSICAL.

The Philosophy of Humanism and of Other Subjects.
By Viscount HALDANE. (Murray. 12s.)

LORD HALDANE belongs to a specifically British type which has enriched the national life since the time of Bacon, but which, it is to be feared, is likely to grow rarer with the progress of advertisement and newspaper hysteria—the type of the philosophic man of affairs. Although he rose to eminence in the law, and earned a gratitude, which the bamboozled public withheld, for his labors at the War Office, it is clear that practical affairs have never had for him the interest or the ultimate importance of philosophic speculation as to the nature of the world. Those in whom this point of view is genuine have a certain breadth of outlook and a certain intellectual disinterestedness which make them preferable, in practical exigencies, to men of a less speculative turn of mind. It might be maintained that philosophy is chiefly valuable, not as theory (since it is always false), but as an aid in practice, because it makes men feel that there are matters more important than practice. There can be no doubt that Lord Haldane feels this; and it is a thing for which one cannot but be grateful to him in this pragmatic age.

Philosophers, however, though they are all agreed that philosophy is important, are agreed about very little else. The philosophy which Lord Haldane advocates is, as everyone knows, a modernized form of Hegelianism, and in this volume he is concerned to show that, rightly interpreted, many results of modern science support the claims of Absolute Idealism. After explaining his general standpoint, which he calls humanism, and presents as a distrust of abstractions, he discusses successively physics, biology, and psychology. In all of them he shows wide reading and an

instinct for the important novelty. But in regard to all of them his attitude is quite different from that of the pure man of science: Lord Haldane wishes to establish or strengthen a thesis about the universe, about Reality as a whole, while the man of science wishes to establish some more or less particularized fact or law. This in itself would not be in any way regrettable, but for the result that it makes Lord Haldane sometimes miss the true meaning of what science has to say, because he cannot keep himself long enough in its attitude of analysis, distinctions, and attempted precision.

This appears especially in the interpretation of modern physics. The book is concerned throughout to vindicate the idealistic position that knowledge *makes* its objects, and does not simply *find* them. "It is no question of entities," he says, "for there are none such independent of knowledge. . . . Knowledge seems to be the fundamental fact. . . . Knowing, and not being, comes first in fact as in logic." That is to say, there are no facts at all which would persist if they were not known. If some object A exists, that is only because we know that A exists; our knowledge of A's existence is prior, "in fact as in logic," to the actual existence of A. Sceptically minded persons might deduce from this relativity of the known to the knower that we can never really *know* anything, since everything is only our dream. People of a different temperament deduce, on the contrary, that there is nothing we cannot know, since what we do not know (or rather what the Absolute does not know) is nothing. This is the alternative adopted by Lord Haldane, and he sets to work to prove that the doctrine of relativity in physics is a form of his general doctrine of the relativity of the known to the knower.

"Einstein's doctrine," he says, "of the relativity of our physical knowledge to the observing mind may thus be said to be a scientific and exact illustration of the wider principle which affirms that in all knowledge the object is determined, in its significance as real, by the conceptions which mind brings to bear in interpreting and giving it meaning."

Now it might conceivably be maintained, as the result of a long metaphysical argument, that Einstein's doctrine *implies* "the relativity of our physical knowledge to the observing mind." Even this, in the opinion of the present reviewer, would be false, but it could be plausibly maintained. The view put forward, however, namely that *this* relativity actually is Einstein's doctrine, cannot even be plausibly maintained. Doubtless passages could be found in Eddington's popular expositions which might seem to people ignorant of physics and mathematics to bear this interpretation. But no one who has really understood what Einstein has to say about the behavior of clocks and measuring rods could suppose that the relativity involved is relativity to "the observing mind." Whoever does not understand this understands nothing of the revolution effected in our physical ideas. What is meant by Einstein is something much more subtle and difficult, much more novel and much more interesting. Yet many familiar facts not involving Einstein's doctrines can be used to illustrate the kind of relativity involved. A camera photographing a given object from different points of view or in different lights will produce different pictures; this shows relativity to the observing camera, but does not show that the camera has a mind. It is this kind of relativity, not the psychological kind, that is involved in Einstein's doctrine. Suppose there are two clocks which, when at rest relatively to each other, continue to keep time with each other; suppose they are set in rapid relative motion; then they will cease to keep time with each other. This is a physical fact. It does not depend upon an observer any more than, or in any different way from, any physical fact in old-fashioned physics. How much that is, is a question for the metaphysicians, but one with which Einstein's doctrine has nothing to do.

It would seem that Einstein's doctrines, so far from confirming philosophic idealism, really tend to weaken one of its most potent arguments, namely, that derived from the different view which different observers have of the "same" occurrence. This difference of view is found to proceed according to physical laws, and to affect clocks and measuring rods in just the same way in which it affects observing "minds." Thus subjectivity, difference of point of view, which used to be regarded as essentially mental, has been conquered by physics. Nay more, the method of tensors (which Lord Haldane may be pardoned for not

understanding, since it involves a considerable knowledge of pure mathematics) is a method of so stating the laws of nature that they shall be the same when a process is taken from any one point of view as when it is taken from any other. Thus laws expressed in tensors give what is in common to all the (physically) subjective representations of a given process, and what may therefore be described as (physically) objective. In the process of discovering the wide range of physical subjectivity, Einstein has also discovered how to lay bare the objectivity which all the different representations have in common. These representations may be those of a living perceiver, or of photographs and clocks; their elements of resemblance and difference are much the same in either case, and in neither case—so far as modern physics shows—are the differences traceable to anything about the perceiving mind except its location in a body having a certain position and motion relatively to the phenomenon observed.

In dealing with biology, Lord Haldane is able to invoke the authority of his brother, Professor J. S. Haldane, whose researches in physiology are said to show the impossibility of explaining physiological processes in terms of physics and chemistry. The present reviewer is not competent to deal with this topic, as to which, however, many other physiologists hold contrary opinions.

The book is throughout interesting, and admirable as regards style. It is characterized by Lord Haldane's beautiful urbanity, which it is easier to admire than to emulate. The breadth of knowledge displayed is truly remarkable; and those who share Lord Haldane's philosophy have reason to be grateful for the support of so lucid and persuasive an advocate.

B. R.

A POET ON POETRY.

On English Poetry. By ROBERT GRAVES. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

ON August 19th we reviewed Mr. Abercrombie's "Essay towards a Theory of Art." Now another Georgian poet has published his reflections, if not on the theory of art, on his conception of the theory of his own art. It is scarcely generous, though inevitable, to compare the two. Mr. Graves is a young man beside Mr. Abercrombie, and his share of his senior's admirable gift of exact analysis is small. Yet, even if we judge Mr. Graves's book by the most lenient standards, it is disappointing. It is incoherent; Mr. Graves seems to have composed it by pinning together scattered leaves of his notebook: and the incoherence of the whole is not compensated by any great lucidity of the parts. Many of them—and those among the most important—are unintelligible, apparently because Mr. Graves has himself not mastered his theory.

He insists that the source of poetry is "an emotional conflict." An "emotional conflict" may mean many things; and Mr. Graves himself makes it mean not a few. For instance, he applies his phrase to the conflicting emotions which are expressed by the characters of a tragedy. Thus he says:—

"When Lady Macbeth, sleep-walking, complains that 'all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand,' these perfumes are not merely typically sweet smells to drown the reek of blood. They represent also her ambitions for the luxury of a Queen, and the conflict of luxurious ambition against fate and damnation is as one-sided as before."

Personally we do not believe "the perfumes of Arabia" represent anything of the kind; but it is conceivable, and we let it pass. What we cannot let pass is the contradiction between "emotional conflict" as illustrated by that passage and "emotional conflict" as defined in the following words:—

"When the conflicting issues disturb his mind, which in its conscious state is unable to reconcile them logically, the poet acquires the habit of self-hypnotism as practised by the witch-doctors, his ancestors in poetry. He learns in self-protection to take pen and paper and let the pen solve the hitherto insoluble problem which has caused the disturbance."

The "emotional conflict" explained in these two passages is quite different in kind. One is the emotional conflict of an imaginary character in a poet's work, the other

the emotional conflict of the poet. To attempt, as Mr. Graves does, to deduce the existence of the latter from the existence of the former is an elementary confusion of thought. And yet a third kind of "emotional conflict" is indicated in his reference to Webster's—

"Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young."

Upon which he comments: "The word 'dazzle' does duty for two emotions at once, sun-dazzled awe at loveliness, tear-dazzled grief at death." Perhaps it does. But where is the "conflict"? On the contrary, the wonder of the Duchess's beauty and the pang of grief at her early death are emotions that do not conflict with, but enhance each other. And, in any case, they are Ferdinand's emotions, not Webster's. Further, Webster's line is not in the least characteristic of poetry. Where is "the emotional conflict" in Shakespeare's—

"O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon,"

or in Milton's "Sabrina fair"?

All that Mr. Graves's involved discussion of "emotional conflict" amounts to is that in his own experience as a poet he finds that the act of composition is preceded by an emotional conflict which is resolved by it. The value of that constataion depends first upon the value of Mr. Graves's poetry, and second upon his credibility as a witness of the workings of his own mind. Even if we rate both of these highly, the statement still seems to be very barren. There is, of course, an emotional conflict in the process of poetical composition; it is a conflict between the originating emotion and the creative emotion, or between the desire to express and the power to communicate. But that is not a new discovery; and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Graves means more than that. What he means it is almost impossible to disentangle. Perhaps it is indicated in his little chapter on Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci." He believes that the psychological origin of that poem lay in a conflict between the poet's passion for Fanny Brawne and a presentiment of his own death from consumption, so that "The Merciless Lady, to put it baldly, represents both the woman he loved and the death he feared." In this, which is one of the best sections of his book, Mr. Graves argues ingeniously, more than ingeniously, and though he presses his argument to lengths almost fantastical, we are not prepared to controvert him without having made a particular study of Keats's letters. But even if it were proved up to the hilt that the psychological origin of that lovely poem was as Mr. Graves imagines, how could the case be universalized? It is individual and particular. Where can the common element be found between the originating emotions of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and those of Shakespeare's sixtieth Sonnet:—

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend . . ."

If the one sprang out of a poignant and twofold experience, the other seems to have had its birth in a single perception, perhaps even in a mere conceit; but they are both high poetry.

The only way to reach a convincing conclusion on the obscure questions into which Mr. Graves takes a schoolboy plunge is to confront oneself at every turn with passages of poetry which do not obviously square with one's theory. But before it is possible to do that, the inquirer must be more or less certain what his theory is. Mr. Graves is very uncertain about his, and he does not supply enough material for us to help him to make up his own mind.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE SPITZBERGEN ARCHIPELAGO.

Amid Snowy Wastes. By SETON GORDON, F.Z.S. (Cassell, 15s.)

MR. SETON GORDON, a naturalist as humane and modern as he is observant and experienced, accompanied the Oxford University Expedition to Spitzbergen last year as the official photographer, and this volume, as readable and instructive as we had expected it to be, records his personal impressions

of the landscape and wild life (inseparable, of course) of a country which has no native inhabitants, has 114 days of the Arctic night, and is within 600 miles of the Pole. Spitzbergen, discovered by Barents in 1596, is much more desolate than it used to be, before the extinction of the "right whale" put an end to its whaling industry. The ground is frozen to a depth of a thousand feet, and only the west coast, with its numerous islands and fjords, is habitable in the summer, nowadays chiefly by Norwegian coal-miners, though the land is rich in deposits of oil, iron, phosphates, gypsum, marble, and asbestos. Mr. Gordon, the greatest living authority on the natural history and topography of the West of Scotland (especially the Cairngorms), makes many useful comparisons between the climate and geographical features of two countries separated by fifteen hundred miles of sea. The climates are very different, the average rainfall of Spitzbergen being 12 inches to the 80-100 of the West of Scotland, and the burns and rivers are chiefly snow-fed. The sun is never high nor the weather uniform over the Archipelago at the same time, while the lower the barometer, usually the finer the summer day—and night—as there is no perceptible difference between the two either in summer or winter, and dawn and twilight are as foreign to Spitzbergen as spring and autumn. Blue as are the skies in summer, there is no glare, and the sun shining on the mountain slopes, the icebergs, the tundra, and glaciers, creates exquisite and delicate tones hardly seen in more temperate regions. Mr. Gordon constantly uses terms like "unearthly," "inscrutable," "spectral," "unreal," to describe a landscape of "inconceivable desolation" and yet permeated with an atmosphere of the softest and richest colors, amethystine, ruddy, cobalt, pale blue, and russet. It is a land unfriendly, but not sinister to man, a kind of virgin queen of a radiant, serene, and remote majesty, and clothed in tissues too fine and rare for mortal dye or fabric.

The shortness of the summer and continuity of its day have very curious effects upon the vegetation of Spitzbergen. Of the tropical forests that once covered the land in the Carboniferous era, only the little club-moss remains, and it is accompanied by various saxifrages, particularly the purple mountain-saxifrage, the crimson moss-campion which exists in our highest mountains, two species of lousewort (one of a fairylike pink), a sorrel, a Jacob's Ladder, scurvy and whitlow grass, the beautiful greenish-yellow Arctic poppy, a few willows, the forget-me-not-blue oyster plant, *Potentilla fragiformis*, some buttercups, cloudberry and crowberry (much commoner in Norway and Greenland), the matchless Mountain Avens and similar and minute Alpines, some of which extend their range to Britain. These plants are "xerophytic"; they overcome the frozen water supply, that is to say, by possessing leathery and succulent leaves, and having their stomata protected from drought and cold winds in cavities or with a coating of shaggy hairs. It is, of course, a "mat herbage," as downland vegetation is. There is little growth of stems or roots, and the flowers hurry out in July, and speed up their fruiting and seeding with an almost desperate zeal before they are frozen stiff. There is no rhythm of work and repose for them, for they work all night as well as day, until the real Polar night closes down the factory.

The animal life of Spitzbergen is not what it was, and here, as elsewhere, man has broken into the ice-queen's palace and rifled it. The once abundant Polar bear, reindeer, and blue and Arctic foxes are now all very rare, though the Arctic fox is doubtless commoner in the inaccessible interior of eternal ice and snow. The ringed and bearded seals (neither the common nor grey seals of the British coast range so far north) are still, through their acuteness, wariness, and cleverness in keeping their blow-holes open, fairly plentiful, but the walrus has been exterminated. The way this was done makes a pretty story. The hunters used to lance those walrus nearest the sea, and their bodies formed a rampart against which the rest of the herd "hurled themselves in vain." Lamont, in "Yachting in Arctic Seas," describes how sixteen men cut off an enormous herd of walrus from the sea, the passage soon closing with the dead and dying beasts:—

"When drenched with blood and exhausted, and their lances from repeated use become blunt and useless, they returned to their vessel, had their dinner, ground their lances, and then returned, killing 900 walrus."

Mr. Gordon was able to find only one colony of eider duck unmolested, for the Norwegian motor sloops raid them wholesale, and the birds are deserting the islands for the mainland away from the sea, where the foxes get the eggs. The only two nests of King Eider found were robbed by other members of the Expedition; not a single specimen of the Spitzbergen ptarmigan was discovered—Mr. Gordon thinks because an open spring caused them to migrate to the eastern and colder shores, but also, no doubt, because fifty brace of this none too common bird were previously shot by the Scottish Spitzbergen Syndicate—and the foolishly confiding Brent goose is nearly wiped out.

The habits and distribution of the Spitzbergen birds are of unique interest. None of our gulls extend so far north, except the kittiwake and the Arctic skua, and neither the glaucous nor the rarer ivory gull, which maintains itself on the excreta of seals, nests in colonies. The only bird that winters in Spitzbergen is the ptarmigan, which burrows under the snow and feeds upon shoots; and the delightful little grey phalarope, which lives in a Shavian world by the cocks brooding the eggs and the hens courting them in fierce rivalry, goes to the other extreme by wintering beyond the African coast. The adaptations to the climate and nature of the soil are numerous, and illustrate the capacity of birds to change their ways and make an original response to a new environment. On the British coasts the fulmar never even flies over a strip of land; in Spitzbergen, where it takes over the function of the gull in natural economy, it nests not on the grassy ledges of sea-cliff, but in inland valleys. The only song-bird is the snow-bunting—Mr. Gordon found five young perched on a coffin of the early eighteenth century—but many of the birds, especially the very abundant little auk, have a silvery elfin laughter harmonizing with the mysterious wastes in which they live. There are no raptorial birds except the rare snowy owl, and the only other kindred enemies of the pink-footed geese, Mandt's and Brünnich's guillemots, the purple sandpiper, the turnstone (which has special surveying boulders for the Arctic foxes), and other birds are the gulls and skuas, which suck the eggs. Natural selection, therefore, really goes by tameness rather than wildness, and the brief Arctic summer urges the birds to brood closely and get their young off with an enhanced efficiency and speed than further south. Other sea-birds besides the fulmars breed inland, and the nesting sites of both native birds and those represented in this country were far more variable than they are in Britain. It was an insoluble problem to Mr. Gordon how the young ever found their way over country as rugged as the mountains of the moon, or how the colony guillemots could find their own eggs through the mists impenetrable to the sight on Prince Charles Foreland. The general impression conveyed is that the birds are perfectly attuned, both practically and aesthetically and by a multitude of varying devices, to the character of their inhospitable homes, and yet show marked individuality both as species and single members of them.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy, 1783-1919. Edited by Sir A. W. WARD and G. P. GOOCH.—Vol. I., 1783-1815. (Cambridge University Press. 31s. 6d.)

THIS volume is not merely a very substantial addition to our knowledge, but also a long step towards filling a very considerable gap in English historiography. So far, the study of foreign policy has been seriously neglected by English historians. Outside the brilliant essay of Sir J. R. Seeley, we have nothing that can be placed alongside the serried volumes of Continental specialists; and not a little of the work that we have is due, as with von Ranke and Lubimenko, to the initiative of foreign scholars. Now Sir A. W. Ward and Mr. Gooch have undertaken to redeem our long inferiority; and, if this first volume may be taken as an index to the whole work, they will have more than redeemed their pledge.

The book opens with an introduction by Sir A. W. Ward which is a masterly piece of brilliant compression. From the

dawn of British history to the Peace of 1783 he outlines the large aspect of our foreign policy. Naturally, he is better on some periods than on others. He is excellent on Cromwell and the Hanoverians; he is a little disappointing on the Angevins and the Tudors. He brings out admirably, as in his discussion of the Navigation Act of 1651, the way in which foreign policy reflects the economic needs of any given time. He is alive to the capital stupidities of George III. Cromwell and Chatham are, plainly enough, the heroes of his narrative; and it is significant that they are the two men of the period prior to the Napoleonic wars who may be said to have painted on a really broad canvas. The one defect of his essay, if defect it be, is that it strictly limits itself to the description of policy and hardly seeks for the evaluation of ideas. No man has studied British foreign policy more amply than Sir A. W. Ward, unless, indeed, it be Mr. Gooch, his co-editor; and it would have been interesting to know whether the results of his researches led him to the discovery of definite and continuous principles.

The book proper consists of five chapters. For the first, which deals with the younger Pitt's administration until 1792, Mr. J. H. Clapham is responsible. Professor Holland Rose deals with the policy of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic epochs. Professor C. K. Webster discusses the making of peace and the American war of 1812. Their work is thoroughly and, on the whole, admirably done, though Professor Webster's chapters have a certain distinction which gives them pre-eminence in the volume. On the whole, save in detail, the tone of the work is conservative. It does not destroy any well-accepted views, though it should perhaps be said that the final *coup de grâce* is given to that older interpretation of Castlereagh which regarded him as an unmitigated reactionary. Professor Webster finally establishes that view of him (which Lord Morley first adumbrated) which makes him, both in merit and defect, not unlike Lord Grey. That apart, there is little novelty. Mr. Clapham regards the war of 1792 as inevitable. Professor Rose, as in his "Life of Pitt," is wholeheartedly against Fox and the party of neutrality. What they have to say is based on ample knowledge; though it should be noted that M. Aulard would make some caustic comment on the characterization of the French Ministers on p. 217. And to paint Pitt as free from the fear of "Gallic ailments," as immune to the virus of Burke's crusading mania, is, when the suppression of all liberal opinion after 1793 is remembered, at least a little facile. Nor do we feel that Professor Rose has done full justice to Fox's ideas. That policy can only be rejected by those who realize that it was essentially the policy which, until the actual outbreak of war, Pitt professed to follow. The expulsion of Chauvelin was an unnecessary provocation on Pitt's part; he delayed unnecessarily in settling the affair of Nootka Sound; he was wrong in not defying George III. and dealing directly with the French Government. Admittedly he had provocation; but it is an *ex post facto* logic which makes the provocation the essential root of war, and does not realize that the ability to withstand provocation is one of the tests of statesmanship in foreign affairs. In all this, Mr. J. L. Hammond long ago vindicated Fox's policy against Pitt, and Professor Rose has by no means answered his case.

But points such as these are of minor importance. The volume, as a whole, carries with it its own ample justification; and we shall await with impatience the later instalments, particularly that in which Mr. Gooch is to narrate the history of our recent foreign policy. One criticism, however, of the editorial judgment may be made. It is not proposed, we are informed, to make any comment upon the character of the public services in foreign affairs either at home or abroad. With due deference, we think that decision a mistaken one. The public services are in England by definition silent. For the vindication of their labors they depend upon the verdict of the historian. It is vital that Englishmen should be made to realize the heavy debt they owe to the work of men like Lord Lyons abroad and Lord Hammond at home. The Civil Service is the root of what success we have had in the art of governing by representation; to reveal in the full light of day the part its personalities have played is vital to the understanding, not merely of our institutions, but also of the policy they reflect.

OLD LONDON.

Trivia; or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London.
By Mr. JOHN GAY. Edited by W. H. WILLIAMS. (O'Connor. 42s.)

"I owe some hints of it," says Gay in his Advertisement to "Trivia," "to Dr. Swift"; and, whether he received some passing help from his Samson of a friend in actually writing the poem or not, he certainly had his path prepared for him by the Dean's "Description of the Morning" and "Description of a City Shower" published a few years earlier. "Trivia," like much else of Gay's, was set about as a burlesque, and ended as a poem; in the words of its present editor, Gay "came to scoff, and remained to pray." It had an immediate success, but then, like so many excellent pieces of writing, went into honored retirement. Londoners innumerable walked their streets unconscious that the author of the "Beggar's Opera," which they knew chiefly by the music, had written a treatise on the occupation. If it were unknown to-day that Gay had written "Trivia," the ingenious would no doubt ascribe it to him on the strength of Pope's description, in the "Epitaph on Mr. Gay": "A safe companion."

"Through Winter Streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by Day, and safe by Night,
How jostling Crouds, with Prudence, to decline,
When to assert the Wall, and when resign,
I sing."

The first book reveals the "Implements" for the art, and the rules for judging the weather. Your shoes are, it seems, important. "Firm, well-hammer'd Soles" are advised. A winter coat is not "thy less important Care." Do not go out dressed up in the "Spoils of Russia's Bear"; leave embroidered cloaks to the embroiderers of humanity; take a shapeless Surtout of Kersey, cheap and weatherproof. Then, you will need your stick, for balance and moral effect—and let it be no foppish weakling tipped with amber. The weather can be forecasted; but not by such superstitions as St. Swithin's. Instinct is your best guide; when booksellers take in the outside stock, for instance, and—

"On Hosier's Poles depending Stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd Gale, from side to side,"

you may expect rain. At this point Gay recollects that he has hitherto overlooked the "female Implements," Umbrella and Pattens; and introducing them, manages to derive the name "Pattens" from an amorous episode involving Vulcan and a Lincolnshire lass, "blue-ey'd Patty."

"Of Walking the Streets by Day" is the theme of the second book:—

"For Ease and for Dispatch, the Morning's best."

Avoid (if dressed in black) the Barber, Perfumer, and Baker; if you are one of those "that youthful Colors wear," the Chimney-sweeper, Small-coal, Dustman; and, in both cases, the Chandler and Butcher. Give up the wall to ladies, porters overloaded, and the aged and blind, but not to bullies. These you thrust into the gutter. Avoid also the pavement-cleaners' brooms, the hogsheads being rolled from dray into cellar, and the pillory's diversions. And among many other "don'ts," don't patronize the owner of "three Thimbles and a little Ball." A winter-picture describes another danger; one's peaceful walk at Covent Garden is suddenly disturbed by "the Furies of the Foot-ball War." The rest of the book is chiefly a saunter through the town, not interrupted over the bookstalls in Moorfields, with a generous wish for that class of street-readers delineated by Elia:—

"O Lintott, let my Labors obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy Stall, for ev'ry curious Eye;
So shall the Poor these Precepts gratis know,
And to my Verse their future Safeties owe."

With the third book, the Goddess of the cross-roads has her interpreter complete. This tells us how to walk the streets by night. Valor and its better part are needed now. "Subtil Artists" are able to spirit away your wig or your watch; you may be caught in a "twirling Turnstile," or under a coach, or by the unfortunate sisterhood

"who nightly stand

Where Katherine Street descends into the Strand."

Watchmen may be dangerous, but if you fall into their clutches, the Constable has a "consid'rate Ear," combined with a passion for collecting silver. By way of the "Grand

Display of Fireworks," the thoughtful poet presents a very good Fire to close the book.

Such is the panorama of "Trivia," a poem as lively as the transitions of the "Beggar's Opera" itself, and full of humor seldom weakened by emphasis. Mr. Williams, who knows his eighteenth century, has done the best possible for it in his Introduction and very numerous notes; and the publisher has proved himself a worthy follower of Lintott, adding to the advantages of large, congenial type and paper those of many clever reproductions from Hogarth and others.

THE PACIFIST AT BAY.

Peace and Bread in Time of War. By JANE ADDAMS. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

THERE are people who believe that the war killed pacifism, and it is possible to make out a case for this opinion. It certainly killed the pacifism of the nineteenth century, a highly civilized and reasoned political humanism which was born about 1815 and was ignominiously snuffed out by a gentleman who, in his heart, was probably a believer in it—Herr Bethmann-Hollweg. In August, 1914, there were hundreds of Cobdens in Europe; to-day there are none. A search for a pacifist in 1922 may reveal him armed with a bomb and revolver in Ireland, or training a Red Army in Russia. This is the natural and logical result of a war to end war, of that passionate enthusiasm, which seized millions of the human race, for the belief that for men to kill one another was the best and noblest method of finally preventing them from killing one another. This new pacifism is logically irrefutable, and is, therefore, becoming ingrained in all civilized races, though some of its adherents do not seem to see that in practice it cannot be successfully or logically applied without complete and mutual extermination.

Jane Addams represented the best type of nineteenth-century pacifist. She belonged to that company of distinguished women who appeared in so many different countries, who were humanists, pacifists, feminists, and who—one would have said eight years ago—stood in the van of civilization. Of this distinguished company Jane Addams is the most distinguished, and, as all her writings and this book show, she has one great quality denied to some of the others: she is absolutely without sentimentality. Her feelings are deep, and she is never afraid of showing or expressing them, but they are always direct, simple, defined. There is no more woolliness in her pacifism than in the militarism of Admiral Tirpitz, or in the nationalism of M. Poincaré. That is what makes this last book of hers so interesting and so moving. Here we see the nineteenth-century pacifist with his back to the wall of the last ditch. It is a simple and personal narrative—told with that extraordinary directness which makes Jane Addams one of the greatest of living speakers—of what happened to pacifists and the pacifist movement in America during the war.

The United States, being the home of freedom, and having entered the war solely in order to end war and to make the world safe for liberty and democracy, naturally persecuted her pacifists with immense vigor and zest. To the pacifist of the type of Jane Addams this persecution was not the worst; the really tragic and terrible experience was the sense of complete intellectual and emotional isolation, of a hopeless struggle to swim against the current of the time. Every event was a summons to the pacifist to testify, and yet it gradually became clear to him that it was worse than useless for him to testify. This feeling of hopelessness and helplessness, of being either sane in a world of madmen or mad in a world of sane, has left a deep mark on Jane Addams's book. It is unnecessary to say that the end of the war still found her with her back to the wall in the last ditch of pacifism. She remains a pacifist, but not a nineteenth-century pacifist. Nineteenth-century pacifism was founded upon hope and upon a belief that ultimately man is amenable to reason. The pacifist of 1922 finds his hopes so tarnished that he carefully hides them away, and, as for that particular belief, it was snuffed out in August, 1914. There remains the last ditch, the League of Nations, with its head office at Geneva and its General Secretary, Sir Eric Drummond, K.C.M.G.

Foreign Literature.

CATALAN BALLADS IN MODERN POETRY.

La Canço del Vell Cabrés. Poema dramàtic en tres actes. By VENTURA GASSOL. (Barcelona: F. Altés. 3 ptas.)

Poemes i Cançons. By JOSEP MARIA DE SAGARRA. (Barcelona: Ed. Catalana. 2 ptas. 50c.)

ABOUT forty years ago a little book was published called "Romancerillo Catalán." It was a collection of traditional ballads from the north-east corner of Spain, from the Pyrenees down to Ebro, most of which dated from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and although the language, from the point of view of good Catalan, was often as corrupt as it could possibly be, the ballads had a beauty and sincerity which left purity of language and linguistic considerations far behind. A few of them were translated into English by Archdeacon Churton, and published in his "Poetical Remains" (1876); but we wish that Mr. Masfield could be persuaded to try. There is, for instance, the ballad of "La Dama d'Aragó." Milá y Fontanals, the learned compiler of the "Romancerillo," lived in an age when it was still thought necessary to adapt traditional poems *ad usum Delphini*; he gave a text of the ballad which was obviously later and more polished than others he had met with. He was, however, too conscientious a scholar to hide what he knew, and in the second edition of the "Romancerillo" he printed an *apparatus criticus*, which enables the reader to see clearly what the ballad was in its original form. In the more modern version the "Dama d'Aragó" had become a daughter of the King of France and sister to the King of Aragon; her coat of arms, even, was brought in at the end. But in the older versions there was nothing of the kind. She was a lady of Arago—a place, not a district—she was lovely as the sun, and her golden hair reached down to her heels:—

"A Arago n'hi ha una dama
qu'es bonica com un sol,
Té la cabellera rossa
li peta fins els talons.
Ay, amorosa Anna Maria,
robadora del amor!
Ay, amorós!"

She received endless offers of marriage, even from her own relations; but she answered that she could do better than that. So her father took her to Arago, and sold her by auction in the market-place:—

"Son germá se la mirava
amb un ull molt' amorós:
'Si germans no'n fossim, Maria,
ens casariam els dos.'
Ella ni fa de resposta:
'De millior ne trovi jo.'
Son pare se l'en va vendre
a la fira d'Aragó."

There was no lack of bidders; eventually she was knocked down for a hundred-and-two doubloons, and the fortunate purchaser went straight off to church with her. When she went in at the door the candles blazed up on the altar; when she took holy water the stoup was filled with flowers. The parson lost his place, and, instead of saying "The Lord be with you," he said "The Lady be with you," while the clerk, instead of "Amen," answered "Ah, mine shall she be!"—

"Aixís com entra á l'iglesia
els altars llueixan tots.
En prenent l'aygua beneyta
las picas s'en tornan de flós.
Capellá qu'en diu la missa
n'ha perduda la lliaso,
En diu: 'Dominus vobiscum;
quina dama que veig jo!'
L'escolá li responia:
'Per mi sí, y per tu no!'
Ay, amorosa Anna Maria,
robadora del amor!
Ay, amorós!"

With such ballads, and tunes to match them—the second edition of the "Romancerillo" printed several dozen tunes as an appendix—modern Catalan poets should have something to fall back upon; and from time to time they have done so. The admirable poet John Maragall (who died in 1912) wrote a fine poem round the ballad of "Comte Arnau," which was set to music by Pedrell; and two volumes which

have reached us lately contain other examples of the use of ballads in modern Catalan poetry. Their merits, needless to say, depend upon other considerations than the accident that now and again they have dipped in the sources of traditional poetry; but these make a good starting-point for the reader in a foreign country. Sr. Gassol has solved the problem of writing a play round an old ballad with a good deal of success; the characters are real people, not vague abstractions; and the performances of it last year at Barcelona must have been extremely interesting. Musicians will be glad to find that the traditional tune is quoted at the end, with a few bars of chorus by Felipe Pedrell—one of the Maestro's last works before his death.

The vigorous personality of Sr. Sagarra does itself more justice (one may think) in the earlier poems reprinted here than in most of the later "Cançons de taverna i d'oblit," with which the volume ends. "L'Heréu Riera" is a gloss upon the ballad in which three mysterious ladies appear at a ball given by the heir of Riera. Presently a message is brought in that the *Heréu's* mistress is dying. The end is vague; but she is apparently cured by a miracle, and marries him. The Three Ladies, of course, often appear in traditional poetry; we wish that Joseph Carner could have tried the theme, in one of those moods in which he used to remind us of Walter de la Mare. But he has become a consul, and taken to writing short stories. What could be more magical—in every sense of the word—than the ballad of the three *ninetas* spinning silk under the umbrella-pine?—

"Si n'hi havia tres ninetas
sota'l romani.
Sota'l romani á l'ombra,
sota'l romani.
Totas tres filavan seta
sota'l romani.
'Qué volen fé de la seta
sota'l romani?'
'Parame una llassadeta.
sota'l romani.' . . ."

J. B. T.

Books in Brief.

Huntingtower. By JOHN EUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

IN "Huntingtower" there is a retired Glasgow grocer who, starting out for a walking tour with a knapsack and a poetry book, finds himself, within twenty-four hours, up to the neck in one of the wildest plots of adventure it ever entered the heart of man to conceive. There is a beautiful Russian princess abducted by Bolsheviks and immured in the lonely castle by the sea; there are hidden jewels, a villainous innkeeper, with a gang of "tinklers" keeping watch over the princess until the arch-villain arrives in a Danish brig to carry off his helpless victim. How these wicked ones are out-manceuvred and disposed of by the strategy of Dougal, the captain of a little company of Glasgow street-boys, the "Gombal Die-hards," with the aid of our retired grocer and a romantic poet, picked up on the march—such is the staple of this fascinating tale of humor and adventure. Dougal is a boy of grit and strategy with no English peer, his nearest kin in fiction being Huck Finn; and the spirited old peasant, Mrs. Morran, will live with the best of Barrie.

* * *
The House of Discord. By MARY E. and THOMAS W. HANSHEW. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

THE undesirable Scottish baronet had summoned his curiously mixed household to witness the alteration of his will disinheriting his elder son, when out went the electric light, and when it came on again the baronet was dead, with a shot through his head and a stiletto in his heart. There is a lack of economy in this killing, for each wound was mortal, and there was no collusion between the two slayers, each of whom, with a separate motive, happened to seize the same opportunity. Such is the gist of the story. There is plenty of excitement in this ancient Scottish castle, with its mysterious mistress, its family ghost, its illicit whisky still, its secret electrical apparatus, and all the rest of it. But

the Scotland Yard men are clumsy and foolish creatures, not the keen psychologists we are accustomed to. They don't know the most elementary rules of their craft; and nothing but sheer luck enables them to get this ramshackle story to a formally satisfactory end.

From the Publishers' Table.

"LANDMARKS: a Book of Essays on such Diverse Themes as Laughter and Cathedrals, Gardens and Profanity, Towns and Bibliomania," by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, the editor of "To-Day," is to appear shortly. The first of its four sections, incidentally, reprints "Town," which we believe was the only prose example of the Flying Fame Chapbooks. The others concern Prejudices, Adventures (of the mind), and Books—their idea. The printers are the Cloister Press; the publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

MR. WILFRID EWART, who is about to tramp through Colorado and California with Mr. Stephen Graham, will be engaged meanwhile upon a history of the Scots Guards in the War.

AN annotated bibliography of Sir Richard Burton, in quarto, with twenty-four illustrations, has been compiled by Mr. Norman Penzer, and will be issued in a limited edition by Messrs. Philpot. It is the result of many years' work. The scientific catalogue of books, pamphlets, articles, and manuscripts by or concerning Burton is accompanied by a variety of critical comment. The price to subscribers will be two-and-a-half guineas.

ANOTHER forthcoming publication which embodies the researches of many years is "Westminster Abbey," a history in two folio volumes of the *de luxe* class, announced by Mr. Philip Allan. The author, Canon Westlake, has based his monumental work "upon the muniments of the Abbey itself." The records have been in his charge for three years, so that he has not lacked opportunity. His preliminary labors included "reading and analyzing the nearly four thousand rolls of the obediatory monks, and indexing the two greater chartularies of the Abbey known as *Domesday* and *Liber Niger*."

THE further announcements from Quality Court include a novel of Eton, by Mr. Eric Parker; "Ireland in 1921," by Mr. C. J. C. Street, and "The Secret Societies of Ireland," by Captain H. B. C. Pollard; new volumes of that interesting series on "British Artists"; and a work for the connoisseurs, "The Headless Horseman: Pierre Lombart's Engraving: Charles or Cromwell?" by Mr. G. S. Layard. Every known state of that famous problem-engraving is reproduced in the course of the author's argument.

BENN BROTHERS LTD. have also announced several magnificent volumes for the connoisseur. Dr. Jessen of the Kunstgewerbe Museum, Berlin, where the finest collection of "Rococo Engravings" is claimed to exist, has written the introduction to a collection of two hundred reproductions from them. The volume appears here on the 21st. "Animals in Chinese Art," from a recent exhibition in Paris, and "Design in Modern Industry," with an introduction by the Keeper of the National Gallery, are other examples of the varied announcements of this house.

"FROM the Deep of the Sea," the diary of Charles Edward Smith, Surgeon of the "Diana" of Hull—an account of whaling in the Arctic in the early nineteenth century—is to be published by Messrs. Black.

LESS tumultuous reminiscences, presumably, will be found in the "Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1884-1893," of Sir Rennell Rodd. The tale begins with the "Balliol set," and proceeds through high places, ending with the prospect of a sequel bringing it up to date. Messrs. Edward Arnold will publish.

THE autumn list of Messrs. Macmillan brings into sight an abbreviated "Golden Bough," long requested; "A Scrap Book," by Mr. Saintsbury; new volumes of verse by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Gibson; "The Cathedral," "The Enchanted April," already referred to in these notes, and Miss Stella Benson's "The Poor Man."

PROFESSOR J. P. POSTGATE is putting forth a volume on translation in theory, with examples from his own practice, under the imprint of Messrs. Bell.

THE library of the late Elkin Mathews furnishes a number of choice "ninety" rarities just catalogued in the most skilful way by Mr. Henry Danielson (No. 15). Even poetry is the occasion for enthusiastic comment, as when Lord Alfred Douglas's "Sonnets," 1909, evoke the simile "of stately priests panoplied in gorgeous chasubles chaunting a brown Gregorian." The most costly item in the list is the "Book of the Rhymers' Club," with "The Second Book" and several inserted autographs (£25).

MR. FRANCIS EDWARDS (No. 435) offers autographs. Many are of real importance, as that from Carlyle to Leigh Hunt upon marriage, and his long series, never published, to Lady Sandwich; Monmouth's appeal to James II. for a pardon, 1685; Cowper on translating Homer. Singular is the collection of MSS. by William Combe, the author of "Dr. Syntax," in two folio volumes; none apparently have hitherto occurred for sale.

SPLENDID extra-illustrated books, particularly Camden's "Britannia" extended to thirty volumes, distinguish the long list of Mr. Thorp (St. Martin's Lane). And we should mention the folios and quartos, before 1800, which are to be had of Mr. J. S. Billingham, Northampton—catalogue 105.

Music.

BOOKS FOR MUSICIANS.

NOW that musical festivals are once more becoming events of international significance, you will meet at Gloucester or Salzburg, Donaueschingen or Granada, foreign musicians who may ask what books on musical studies have been written in England since the war. What answer can be given them? You will begin, glibly enough, with Dr. Fellowes's "English Madrigal Composers," which, of course, you have read, and go on with Dr. Shirlaw's "Theory of Harmony," which you probably have not. Then there are the works by Dr. Sanford Terry on Bach's chorales, and (though published just before the war) Mr. Fox-Strangways's most learned and yet most entertaining disquisition, "The Music of Hindoostan." And what else? You hesitate, and think of those rows and rows of books on music which you have seen in the music shops; yet you can hardly think of a single one which would interest the man who is talking to you. They are journalism, mostly—sometimes even journalism which no paper would print; or else they are books of purely technical instruction. The foreign musician, meanwhile, has been regarding you as a countryman of Prout, Grove's Dictionary, and the "Oxford History of Music." "O, yes," he says, "in my country we always use English text-books."

SINCE 1914, and more particularly since 1918, more books on music seem to have been published in England than ever before; but the sad fact remains that the majority of them are of purely ephemeral interest. They correspond to the books exhibited in the average bookstall of a French or English railway-station, or to the kind of literature that is to be found at the bookseller's at a seaside place, mixed up with writing-paper, picture-postcards, leather articles, and "fancy goods." Still, it is no mean compliment to English musicianship that there are countries in which English text-books are preferred; and it is a reputation which must obviously be lived up to. As it happens, a book published during

the last few weeks is well up to this standard: "The Organ Works of Bach," by Harvey Grace (Novello). In principle this is a technical book of instruction; it is written to remind organists of what "old Bach" wrote for their instrument; and it gives a great deal of practical help towards execution and interpretation. But it is not only useful for the man who makes a noise up in the organ-loft and doesn't have to be perpetually kneeling down or standing up all through the service; it will be interesting to the listener in his pew down below. It is, indeed, a valuable listener's guide to all sorts of Bach; and will end by leaving the reader, whether an organist or not, in a position to enjoy Bach more than he did before. This, one would think, is the way in which the æsthetic appreciation of music should always be approached. But the average bookstall book about music is more concerned with a composer's "æsthetic" than with a listener's understanding; and tries to make out that you must be an "æsthetician" yourself before you can appreciate a contemporary composer or a modern movement. It leaves the average reader cold, however. In England the average reader of a musical book is a person who not only goes to concerts, but also makes music in his own home. He has a fair share of intellectual curiosity, and wants to know about the moderns, as far as words can tell him of their aims, and musical examples give him some idea of what their music sounds like. A good instance of how the thing may be done in the right way is provided by a recent pamphlet by Mr. Percy Scholes, "Notes upon the Work of Arthur Bliss, and especially upon his Color Symphony" (Goodwin & Tabb). This symphony has been one of the outstanding features of the Gloucester Festival, and will probably be heard in London and other musical centres in the near future. Mr. Scholes, therefore, has described in plain English why it is called a "color symphony" and what it sounds like.

"Plain English" is generally the failing of the numerous "Musician's Libraries" and "Little Essays" which have been appearing lately. As a rule, they are neither plain nor English; and they have other failings as well. To begin with, they are often published by firms which also print music and sell it. Naturally, the writers are invited to give prominence to the music issued by the firm; and so thoroughly do they do it, that in a list of a composer's works no mention may be made of those which happen to be published elsewhere. This is fair enough in a trade circular, but not at all fair in a study in musical appreciation. Again, besides purely business publicity, a kind of propaganda is employed which is more insidious and more discreditable than the other—the pushing of the music of a particular country for political reasons, praising it not because it is good but because it is not German. This attitude, fortunately, is never likely to be acceptable in England; for in this country musicians and amateurs are far too musical to care where music comes from, provided that they like it. There is yet a third objection to the bookstall book on music—its obscurity. Plain English, either of the European or transatlantic variety, is essential in writing of an art as abstract as music. There is Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, for example, who is (or was) musical critic of "The New Republic," and who has published a collection of articles as "Musical Portraits: Interpretations of Twenty Modern Composers" (Kegan Paul). It is a book of shrewd judgments, with which many people will agree; the writer knows what he thinks, and leaves no doubt in the reader's mind as to what he means. The same cannot be said for those little books and translations which often seem to be written in a mixture of French and English. The subjects are often interesting; the opinion of M. Cortot, for instance, on the music of Debussy. In the Debussy number of "La Revue Musicale" (December, 1920) there was a suggestive article by the distinguished pianist on Debussy's writing for the pianoforte. This has now been translated as "The Piano Music of Claude Debussy" (Chester). With this, and many other writings (both original and translated) on the "æsthetic" of modern composers, the English wants thinking back into French before it can be understood, and it is a task which few musicians will have the patience or the ingenuity to accomplish. Some

of these writers might study with profit the "Essay on Musical Criticism" with which Dr. Burney prefaced one of the volumes of his "General History of Music," or his critical remarks on the music he heard during his travels in Europe. They might learn from him both in matter and in style. No man was ever more interested in what was, to him, modern music, or knew better than "the gentle and kindly Doctor" what he was talking about.

J. B. T.

The Drama.

COMEDY OR REVUE?

Regent Theatre: "Body and Soul." By Arnold Bennett.

THERE is one branch of dramatic writing, in which nobody has yet made much of a success, that seems fairly cut out for Mr. Arnold Bennett. It is the modern *revue*, which decidedly lacks its Aristophanes. Mr. Bennett surely might put it on a properly artistic basis. He has "modernity"; the fads and foibles of the hour amuse instead of boring him; his interests are not limited, as those of too many *revue* writers seem to be, by the stage, the racecourse, and the millinery shops; interpretation is his gift; wit nobody will deny him, and he can mix golden grains of good sense in the dose. The Grand Babylon Hotel is the ideal scene for displaying, with the irresponsibility that *revue* allows, the humors of the present-day Vanity Fair.

Our quarrel with "Body and Soul" is that it is just not such a *revue*. A good many of the ingredients we do indeed discern. There is a post-war *merveilleuse* with her Futurist furniture, her Press-cuttings, and her speech and lecture stunts (Miss Viola Tree, with her trim coiffure, surely makes too gracious and classical a figure of Lady Mab Infold); there is the psychic quack Procopo, battenning on the folly of the society women who buy Sidis and Goodhart's "Multiple Personality" without reading it—and strange it is to hear those names on what was lately the stage of the Euston Music-Hall; Lady Mab's dubious lover from the manufacturing Midlands we suspect to be a war-profiteer; the provincial Mayor and Mayoress are almost the necessary *compère* and *commère* of an English *revue*; and even a waiters' strike and the high-price of typewriters are woven into the business of the scene. Why are we not satisfied? Probably for the familiar reason that a mixture of kinds never convinces anyone. You can, of course, mix fantasy and realism when your purpose is simply to make the fantasy more fantastic by an incongruous dash of every-day detail, by taking ordinary Alice into wild Wonderland. You cannot, however, expect anyone to take, by fits and starts, a human interest in silly Lady Mab and Blanche Nixon, the wicked little saleswoman whom she encourages by a bogus "transfer of personality" to impersonate her, when most of the time the two are doing things that can only be done in farce and extravaganza. The most pleasurable moments were in such little scenes as the episode in which Blanche bamboozles clever Mr. Aaron Draper, Lady Mab's manufacturing *fiancé* into buying the "dud" typewriting machine, or the tea-party in the Mayoress of Bursley's drawing-room, during which there shines a gleam or two of the homely and mellow humor which we associate with the higher Mr. Bennett, the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Clayhanger." This scene, we must add at once, gains a great deal of its charm from the lavender-like fragrance which Miss Dora Gregory diffuses from her acting of Mrs. Clews, the Mayoress. She lets you get all the smiles you can out of the quaintness and provinciality of the old lady, while maintaining intact her essential dignity and worthiness. You therefore laugh without ceasing to respect, and that kind of laughter breeds no shame in the retrospect. There is nothing else in the whole of this show that can be put on a level with Miss Gregory's performance.

The acting, on the whole, is nevertheless of a high order. Miss Nan Marriott Watson as Blanche Nixon has

a part of conventional sauciness and *diablerie*, to which her abilities are a good deal more than equal. Miss Viola Tree (whose manner begins to give an occasional reminiscence of her father) makes too much of a Racine heroine out of Lady Mab, in acting as well as looks. Mr. Baliol Holloway plays up to her as the charlatan Procopo, so that he gets applause from the gallery after one of his tirades as if he were a hero in drama; but as usual he gives a finished and studied performance. Mr. Charles Groves, as the auctioneer Mayor, refrains under the sorest temptation from caricature; and Mr. Martin Walker, the Aaron Draper, is a light comedian with an admirable incisive style.

D. L. M.

Science.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science always gives the effect of existing, as a body, in a transition stage. It always looks as if it has developed from a homogeneous state in the past and was on the way to achieve a different homogeneity in the future; in the meantime, it is somewhat inchoate. The Presidential addresses given to the different sections vary from short technical treatises to frankly popular lectures. And the kind of address given to the same section varies from year to year. On the present occasion, for instance, Professor Kendall, addressing the Geological Section, gives a very solid and serious discourse on the Physiography of the Coal Swamps, while Professor Hardy, addressing the Mathematical and Physical Section, talks about the Theory of Numbers, a subject which he thinks makes an "almost irresistible appeal to the heart of the ordinary man," and which, if properly reported, would increase the circulation of the "Daily Mail." The lecturers themselves often betray some slight bewilderment when confronted with their task. There is a great hunting for precedents. And the precedents are sufficiently numerous and varied to justify the lecturer in doing very much as he likes.

This pleasing variety is really due to the fact that the British Association primarily addresses itself to an audience which does not exist. It appeals to a large body of intelligent laymen, moderately well-informed on scientific matters, holding fairly influential positions in the community, and seriously desirous of knowing the present position of scientific knowledge. There is no such audience. Such an audience, or at any rate the nucleus of such an audience, probably did exist during part of the nineteenth century, but it has not survived into the twentieth. That old audience, containing parsons, small landed proprietors, doctors and lawyers, and a sprinkling of enlightened manufacturers, died with the three-volume novel which depicted it. The "middle class," in matters scientific, is practically extinct. There is not much, now, between the upper and lower classes—between, that is, the scientific specialist and the public hungry for "wireless." The British Association seems to be uneasily aware of this fact, but to have no clear-cut policy in regard to it. Professor Hardy showed a proper journalistic flair in choosing a subject which he thought would greatly interest readers of the "Daily Mail." We applaud his intention, although we venture to differ from him as to the fact. Signs of integration, such as occur in Professor Hardy's lecture, would not be regarded kindly by a news editor, and, as any student of our daily Press is aware, the expression "logarithm" is regarded as being, in itself, a mild joke. But although we do not regard Professor Hardy's effort as a happy one, and although none but a mathematician can read and understand his address, we congratulate him on the insight he shows in realizing that the old audience of leisured country gentlemen with scientific tastes does not exist. At present the great publicity given to the British Association proceedings largely rests on a respected fiction. Readers of what are called the "sober organs" of public opinion have, as it were, inherited the British Association

columns. It is the kind of thing a gentleman once expected of his paper. He goes on expecting it, but chiefly as a matter of form. It is part of the solemn and dignified tradition that has now, as a matter of fact, hardly any real power at all. The cheaper, non-sober organs are, as usual, better informed. The prevailing impression one gets from them is that the British Association is comic. That Hull should be full of scientific professors is one of the jokes of the season. And, after all, the vulgar attitude is franker and better. Any serious student of science would rather see Einstein's theory reported under the heading "Space caught Bending" than read those pretentious leading articles which seemed to hint at something reprehensible in the theory because it was obscure, and its author a German Jew. It has been suggested to us, however, that the bright irreverence of the cheaper Press is really the mask of a very different feeling, and that the genuine labor and high standard of veracity which go to build up scientific knowledge make our facile moulders of public opinion distinctly uneasy—as if they feared that this slow but keen scalpel might one day be applied to them and their affairs.

Well, there is perhaps a remote danger that the public which is at present avid for "broad-casting" may, if it perseveres, become sufficiently acquainted with the scientific spirit to expect something of its temper even in the daily Press. And it is true that the British Association could do much to bring about such a state of affairs. What such a public chiefly requires is to be shown that science is a temper, a method, an habitual way of thinking that can be universally applied, and which has proved itself the most valuable mental habit that man has yet acquired. If the British Association, instead of addressing defunct Victorian gentlemen when it is not addressing specialists, should deliberately turn to the "people," it could speedily become something more than a respectable institution. It could become a real power in the land. The prestige it already possesses would then become an active fighting agent in the struggle for the creation of a really responsible democracy, instead of being, as at present, a slightly quaint heritage from past times. And such a programme, deliberately cultivated, would be a good thing for the scientific men themselves. As Dr. Myers points out in his sectional address on the late W. H. R. Rivers, the man of science often benefits, becomes happier and more confident that he is doing something worth while, when he finds a place for his science in those movements of his time which affect the mass of his fellow-men. This is the age of the "mass," of the "people." The old-fashioned "gentry" have disappeared, and we think it would be a good thing if the British Association addressed itself to the new audience.

S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

Sun. 17. South Place Ethical Society, 11.—"Impressions of the Sick Lands of Europe," Mr. Joseph McCabe.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

Iyer (V. Venkatachellam). Notes of a Study of the Preliminary Chapters of the Mahabharata: an Attempt to separate Genuine from Spurious Matter. Luzac, 10/6.
Keyser (Cassius J.). Mathematical Philosophy: a Study of Fate and Freedom. Lectures for Educated Laymen. New York, Dutton, \$4.70.
Spinoza. Chronicon Spinozanum. Tomus Primus. The Hague, Societas Spinozana (L. Roth, Exeter College, Oxford), 10/-.
RELIGION.

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